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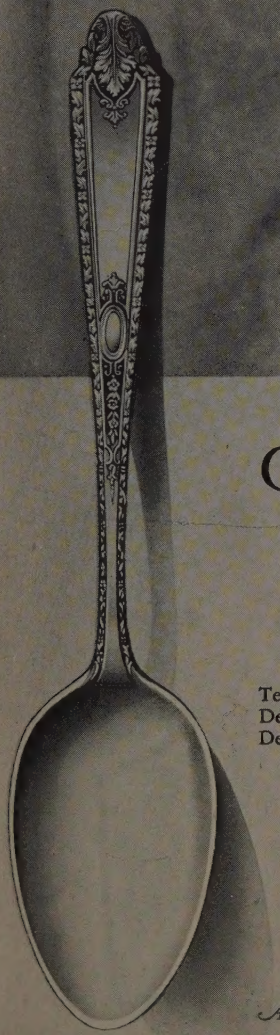

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# THE PLAY GUIDE

***In which Play Guiders are told of a new service that certain department stores offer them, and where the leading actresses get their lovely figures***

THE modern psychologists tell you that whatever is earnestly desired by the human heart will eventually come to pass, even though at the time it might seem impossible of fulfillment. If you are sufficiently *en rapport* with the Infinite your wish will be fulfilled almost immediately. If on only half-way terms, you will have to wait half as long again for it.

We are evidently one of the half-way people. And our preamble has been for the purpose of introducing to you a wish of ours, which has just come true, but which was formulated several years ago. At that time we thought wouldn't it be nice if some of the big department stores in the city would install a woman whom one could consult on one's shopping. Someone who would be a fashion expert and yet more, a person with an artistic flair combined with a knowledge of good usage, who could recognize the potential type that each woman is and help her express it for her environment.

Perhaps this has been a wish of yours too. It certainly must have been of many others. For it induced the clubwomen of New York to voice it to the leading merchants of the city, and now two shops have just installed such a service, Altman's and Arnold & Constable.

The idea is worked out in this way. There is a private office set aside in the shop with this expert counselor in charge. A woman goes to her and states her needs, and the merchandise is sent to the office, for them to go over together, a balance being struck in the final purchase between what is smart and what is suited to type and environment. Everybody's time is saved in this way and the elimination of so much of the return of "goods" that always goes on, which bores everybody concerned and breaks out in higher prices.

"The modern woman," it is said, "does not alway have time to inform herself of fashion's vagaries, and too often cannot trust the advice of the average saleswoman, who is anxious only to make an immediate sale."

The service is going to be a boon for the out-of-town woman (Play Guiders, take notice), especially those buying their daughter's *trousseaux*, or preparing to furnish a home, or to assemble an outfit for Europe. We see the service as such a huge box-office success that it will need not only one "expert counselor" but several.

ROMANCE, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. It lurks in what to the average person might seem like a commonplace daily routine, if you have the vision to see it and the personality to bring it forth. New York is full of old nooks and corners of it. One is always happening on them.

A most interesting example of this we have just found in Mme. Isabelle Campbell, whose romance it is to give beautiful figures to the women of the stage. If you could see the walls of her place in Fifty-fourth Street, covered with the signed pictures of every prominent actress and singer of the generation, as well as the best-known names of society, for whom she has made corsets and corselets and brassieres. It's a revelation!

And then there is her fat book, with its tributes and signatures covering a period of twenty years. Everybody one has ever heard of. "Thank you for my new back!" "Blessings on you for my latest slenderness!" they run. Even Paris sends back its praise, a famous French dancer and French singer preferring to order their figures each year from Mme. Campbell rather than in their own home town. Which *is* going some, isn't it?

All these women are her friends and know they can depend on her to bring

(*Continued on page* 74)


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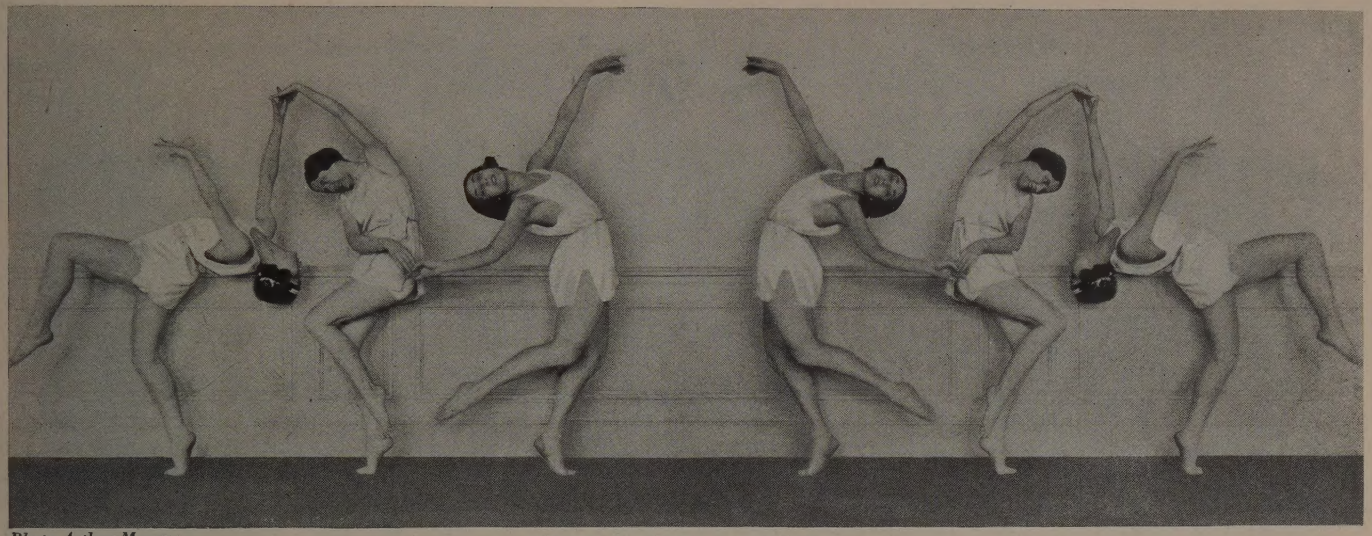

*Photo Arthur Muray*

FOKINE DANCERS—A REHEARSAL

THE present theatrical season, so rich in promise at the start, has proved a remarkably lean and disillusioning one. The really worth while new plays you can count on the fingers of one hand. The rest have been rubbish—and dirt! But if the managers have disappointed you, THEATRE MAGAZINE certainly has not. No failures to explain away here. No falling off in our standards. Each month's issue better than before—more exclusive, striking pictures, more interesting articles by people who count. Have you noticed, of late, who's been writing for us—the élite of the world of the theatre: St. John Ervine, Noel Coward, Gilbert Gabriel, Ludwig Lewisohn, Gilbert Seldes, Brock Pemberton, Horace Liveright, Channing Pollock, Ralph Block, Archie Bell, Carl Van Vechten, Walter Prichard Eaton, Ernest Boyd. These are only a few of the contributors to recent numbers. Forthcoming issues will contain articles by Charles Coburn, John Colton, Anita Loos, Kenneth MacGowan, Ted Shawn, Walter Hampden, Lawton Mackall, Marc Goodrich, Winthrop Ames, Eva Le Gallienne, Blanche Yurka, Clare Eames, Lillian Barrett, Louis Untermeyer, Owen Davis and others. A goodly company, as you will admit.

IN the May issue, Gilbert Gabriel, the brilliant dramatic critic of the *N. Y. Sun*, has a caustic, amusing article on "The First-Night Fake." Every theatregoer is familiar with that feverish, overdressed orgy called a "first night." A Broadway première is an important social event—the rendezvous of fashion, wit and art. Everybody wants to be there—not so much to see the play as to be seen, and all kinds of fancy prices are paid for the privilege. Who are they all? The critics, of course. Players out of work. Men about town and their wives. The lady who made the costumes; the gentleman who furnished the shoes. The most rabid "first nighters" are those who want to be thought important, persons who imagine no one can have any standing, socially or artistically, unless conspicuous at every première—a quite absurd theory, of course—which Mr. Gabriel cleverly explodes in his article.

"*THE Songs That Made Them Famous*"! A pardonable thrill goes through the playgoer as he thinks of those nights in some theatre long ago, alas, when first he heard those songs the fame of which afterwards rang round the world: Do you remember how Maggie Cline brought down the house at Tony Pastor's when she sang *Throw Him Down McCloskey*? Do you recall when Harry Lauder first sang *I Love a Lassie*, or when Eva Tanguay first transfixed audiences with her whirlwind song *I Dont Care*? Then there was Marie Cahill with *Nancy Brown*, and Vesta Victoria, singing *Waiting at the Church*, and Lottie Collins with the famous *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*. In THEATRE MAGAZINE for May, James Geller has a most interesting article on the old songs, with anecdotes of the artists who first gave them to the world. A feature not to be missed.

IN international politics Mussolini is the man of the hour—the most interesting and commanding figure living today. Not only does he talk of more world power for Italy, but he promises to restore the grandeur that was Rome in Augustan days. He also is a dictator and takes keen, paternal interest in the theatre. It is not generally known that he rules which plays certain theatres must perform. Read in our next issue an interesting article on Italian plays and playwrights by Berta Cutti, who has come to this country to make the new Italian plays more popular on Broadway. An article of real value and interest.

A PICTURESQUE, unique personality in the American theatre today is George Jessel, whose success in *The Jazz Singer* has been one of the high spots of the current season. Long a favorite in the two-a-day, Mr. Jessel, like many other artists, left vaudeville for Broadway, and at once scored a hit as the young Jewish lad who, a descendant of a long line of cantors, finds he posesses a jazz song spirit. In THEATRE MAGAZINE for May, Mr. Jessel tells how he spanned that difficult bridge—vaudeville to the legitimate—and what his reactions were when he had to make his laughs tell with a different kind of audience. A human story that will hold you.

ST. JOHN ERVINE, the brilliant English critic, is always worth reading. In the May issue he considers the work of our Eugene O'Neill, analyzing his recent plays and giving his opinion of the promise they show for the future of this always interesting but, as many think, somewhat morbid American dramatist. A careful, scholarly analysis that will be read with pleasure by all who take a real interest in our theatre.

WHY do the managers have to complain of poor business on the road? Because theatregoers in "the sticks" have been too often imposed upon. They have learned by experience that the phrase "original New York cast" means nothing. Read in the May issue an amusing article by H. E. Redding, an outcry from the natives of the hinterland after the advent of the "original New York cast" on the frontier of the American drama.

AT last we have the art movie—a theatre of the screen where common intelligence will not be insulted and good taste outraged. No revolvers, no mock heroics, no cowboys, no sickly sentiment, no sob stuff—just slices of life done with real artistry. Will such a theatre pay? Time will tell. Read all about the Shadowbox Theatre in our next number.

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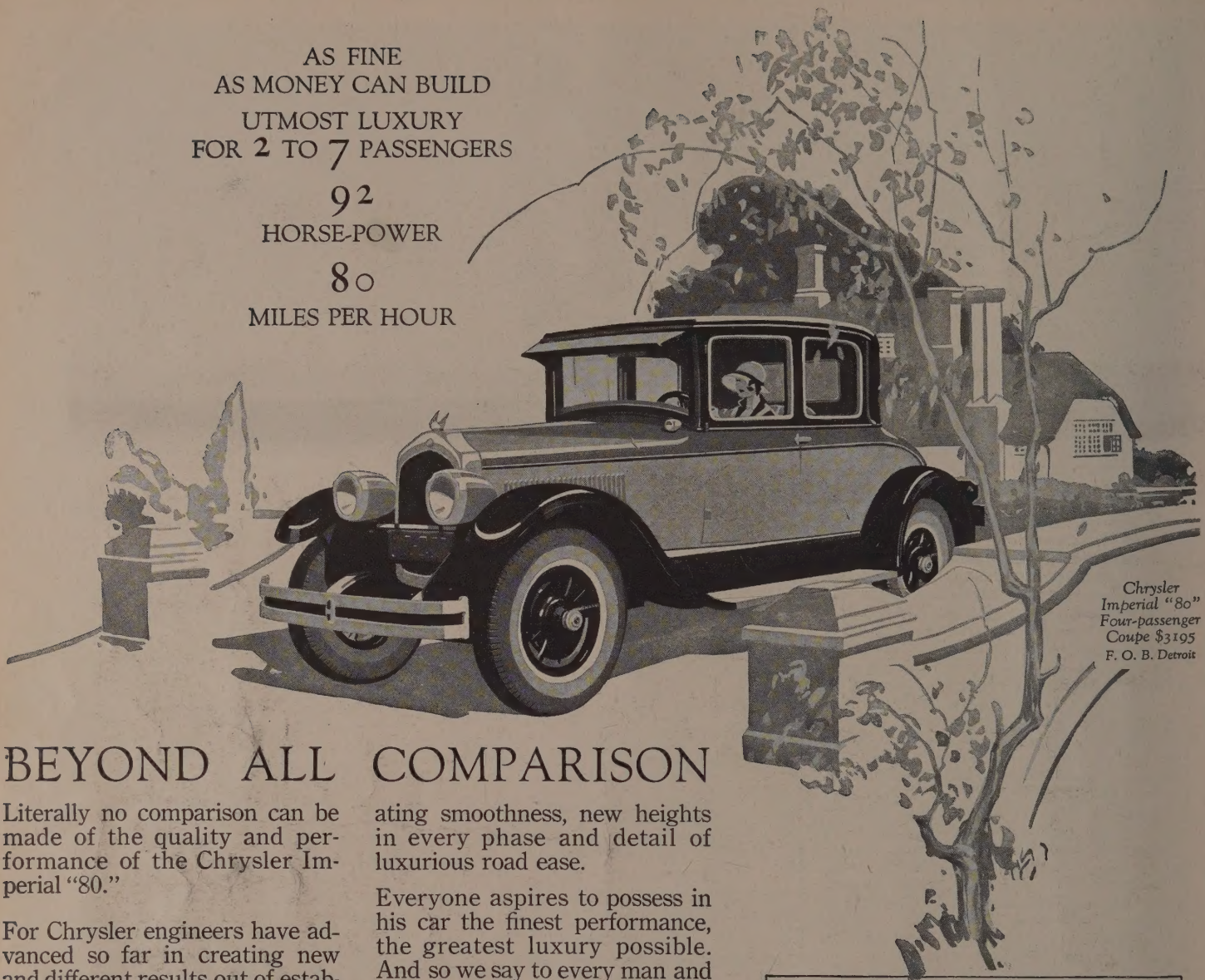

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VOL. XLIII. No. 301

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1926

*Florence Vandamm Studio*

FLORENCE REED

*As keeper of the lupanar in "The Shanghai Gesture" this fine actress adds another remarkable characterization to her already extensive repertoire of hectic heroines*

*Florence Vandamm Studio*

## THE PRODUCERS. NO. 6: SAM H. HARRIS

*It was on the profits of such melodramas as "The Fatal Wedding," etc., that Mr. Harris climbed to success as owner of two New York theatres—the Sam H. Harris and the Music Box. In 1904 he associated himself with George M. Cohan, presenting "Little Johnny Jones," "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," and other plays. In 1921 Mr. Harris became producer on his own account scoring hits with "Little Old New York," "Six Cylinder Love," "Rain," the "Music Box Review," etc. At present he has no fewer than three successes on Broadway: "Cradle Snatchers," at the Music Box, "The Cocoanuts" at the Lyric, and "Easy Come, Easy Go," at the Biltmore*

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIII. No. 301 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *EDITOR-IN-CHIEF* APRIL, 1926

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gilbert Seldes, Ben Kaye, Lawton Mackall, Gordon Whyte, Burr Cook


# *The Editor's Uneasy Chair*

## *Sunday Performances in New York*

THE New York managers want to open their theatres on Sunday, and to that end are trying to have bills passed at Albany which would make it possible. The present law governing Sunday performances is very explicit. Section 10, Article I, Chapter 3, Code of Ordinances of the City of New York says:

> *"Sunday observance.* No person shall exhibit on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, to the public, in any building, garden, grounds, concert-room or other room or place within the city the performance of any tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, farce, etc. . . ."

The managers argue that the competition of the motion pictures, concerts and other forms of entertainment, all of which are permitted under Section 2154 of the Penal Law of the State of New York, is so great that the future of the theatre is menaced unless they are permitted to open in New York and elsewhere on Sunday and play seven nights a week, as do these other forms of entertainment. As is well known, Sunday performances have been common in Chicago, Washington, San Francisco and other cities for a number of years.

What New York City has to gain from the regular theatres being allowed to open on Sunday is not clear. The only apparent gainers would be the producers, whose profits would be proportionately increased. The losers would be the actors, compelled to play ten performances a week without a rest, and the general public, who already find six days of metropolitan life hectic enough without willingly seeing added another twenty-four hours of frenzied theatregoing. Quite apart from the religious aspect of the day—which to many has no significance at all—Sunday, with most sane people, is a real day of rest—a respite from the nerve strain of the six previous work days. That day of rest most people will guard jealously. To seek to rob us of it seems little less than a crime.

The players are bitterly opposed to Sunday performances. A few months ago, when the managers asked Actors' Equity to agree to the extra Sunday performances it was found that the vast majority of the actors were against playing seven nights a week, and so the proposition was turned down. Then a new proposition was made to the actors; that if they would open on Sunday night the managers would close all over the country on Monday or Tuesday nights, thus giving the actor a six-night week. But the actors cannily cling to the Sunday they now have rather than to the Monday they might or might not get. They are perhaps justified in doubting that they could indefinitely retain Monday if Sunday were once given to the managers in exchange for that day.

Still another reason why Sunday performances would work against the best interest of the theatregoer: the quality of the acting would deteriorate. The seven-day week in the West has been responsible for depreciating individual performances and has also been responsible for many breakdowns. At the time when Frank Bacon died, the Chicago *Herald-Tribune* expressed editorially the opinion that his life would have been spared but for the ceaseless grind of work every day in the week, including Sunday. Only a few weeks ago Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson were compelled to temporarily close their plays in Chicago on account of ill health. Probably this would not have been necessary had they had a day's rest in seven.

The chief support of any drama or musical comedy is the star or leading player. It matters little to the audience if the Rosencrantz and Guildenstern be up to the mark, if Hamlet has a husky voice or can hardly drag one foot after the other. The star player is like a pitcher on a baseball team. The strain and responsibility is greater on him than on the others, and nobody expects him to work seven days a week. No one expected Caruso or any other operatic star to sing every night. So how can you ask Ethel Barrymore or Jane Cowl or a hundred others to grind out performance after performance with no respite?

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## *Mobbing the Theatre Audience*

A NEW terror has been added to playgoing. Everyone, whether he goes to the play on foot or on wheels, has found his evening's enjoyment considerably impaired by the difficulty of getting there. Accustomed to battle with traffic conditions, he knows what he must contend with before—jostled and elbowed, his clothes mussed, his temper and nerves worn to a frazzle—he at last succeeds in dodging the death-dealing taxis and reaching his theatre seat. All who have had to force their way through the drab, flashy, ill-mannered crowds, crawling aimlessly along Broadway, gaping at the cheap, gaudy display of blazing electric signs, blocking the entire sidewalks from Forty-second to Fiftieth Street, rendering practically impassable the very heart of the theatre district, know by experience that this frightful congestion—which for sheer ugliness has no parallel in any city in the world—is a nightmare which the theatregoer dreads.

The present unspeakable street conditions were not, it seems, enough. Something else had to be invented by the ubiquitous press-agent, a glutton for sensational publicity, to make theatregoing even more of a precarious adventure. It has now become the practice at each important *première* to allow crowds to gather in the lobby of the theatre to stare and leer at the arrivals holding seats. These outsiders, blocking the entrance to the theatre, have no seats and no intention of buying any. For the most part they are merely idlers who find amusement standing there, interfering with the free passage of those holding tickets, leering and making remarks about everybody who passes in. The practice began with the movies, on the first showing of important films, when stars of the screen came in person to advertise themselves and the picture. On such occasions the mob that gathered was so enormous as to entirely block, not only the approach to the theatre, but the entire street, so that both entrance to and egress from the playhouse were almost impossible—a dangerous condition that should never have been permitted. The same thing, on a smaller scale, is now beginning at the regular theatre and, unless checked at the outset, is likely to develop into a serious nuisance. The management of course could speedily put an end to it. A word to the police and the lobby would be quickly cleared of all who could not show tickets. But the manager likes to see the crowd. Even if his new play proves a flop, the mob at the door gives his opening all the éclat and atmosphere of success.

*Maurice Goldberg*

ULA SHARON IN "SONG OF THE FLAME"

*Captivatingly buoyant, this elfin dancer tiptoes lightly through the mazes of a lyrical Russian revolution*

# Ireland Gives a New Playwright to the World

*Sean O'Casey, Former Manual Laborer, Declared the Greatest Dramatist Since Synge*

By ANDREW E. MALONE

TO-DAY the name of Sean O'Casey, quite unknown a few years ago, is one of the most prominent in the world's press. Dublin hailed him a year back when it crowded the Abbey Theatre as it had never before been crowded. It was an unusual experience for the Abbey Theatre to be compelled to turn away hundreds of people every night. The plays of Sean O'Casey gave it that thrill almost for the first time.

With the production of his *Juno and the Paycock,* London recently had an opportunity to give its verdict on one of his plays. The English critics hailed O'Casey as "the greatest Irish dramatist since Synge." That, of course, means very little, as the London reviewers seem quite unable to judge an Irish play. They have placed many Irish dramatists on a level with Synge in the course of their professional careers.

THERE is really no basis for comparison between O'Casey and Synge, except it be that they are both strange and incomprehensible to Londoners. Synge was a poet, with all the attributes of a poet, O'Casey is a photographic artist who retouches his films with an acid pencil to produce an effect of grotesque satire. All his characters are taken directly from the Dublin slums, placed in surroundings and in positions which give the appearance of caricature. In the streets they would pass unnoticed, they are normal, but on the stage they are figures from Dickens, illustrated by Phiz. His plays resemble those of Eugene O'Neill rather than those of Synge, but in comparison with the work of O'Neill his plays do not live up to the extravagant praise bestowed upon them in the press of England and Ireland.

In his life, too, O'Casey somewhat resembles O'Neill. O'Casey is some few years older than the American playwright and he has not roved the world. But he has spent his years as a manual worker and as a resident in the slums of Dublin. He was born and reared in a Dublin "tenement" house, that is, a house which once sheltered the aristocracy of the Irish capital, but now houses sometimes several families in a single room. He never went to school, but earned a livelihood from a very early age by selling newspapers in the streets. Like many of his class, he drifted to the vague occupation called a casual laborer, engaged from time to time on any work that offered, from the docks to a bricklayer's mate. In the effort to organize the casual workers of Dublin he took his part with Jim Larkin, and he was for a time connected with the Transport Union. He aided in the organization of the Irish Citizen Army, which fought under James Connolly in the streets of Dublin in 1916, and wrote its history. That history was his first published work, and it appeared in 1918 under a Gaelic name.

Since that date he has given himself entirely to drama and his daily work. He attended the Abbey Theatre regularly, and any craft that he has learned he found in watching the plays. He has written many plays, but so far only four have been produced on the Abbey stage. It is said that eight of his plays were rejected before his first was produced in April, 1923. That

*Courtesy F. J. Oppenheimer*

SEAN O'CASEY

**A few years ago the name of Sean O'Casey was known only to his fellow workmen in the building trades of Dublin. To-day he is considered the most promising of living playwrights. Some call him the Irish Eugene O'Neill, others, St. John Ervine among them, see in him a reincarnation of Chekhov—his plays depicting the Dublin slums and the hardy types that dwell therein. His play, *Juno and the Paycock,* was recently presented in London with sensational success**

production of *The Shadow of a Gunman* made his Dublin reputation in a single night. It packed the theatre for weeks with enthusiastic audiences and made the name of Sean O'Casey the most prominent in Dublin. Since then three other plays have been staged: *Kathleen Listens In,* in October, 1923; *Juno and the Paycock,* in May, 1924, and *Nannie's Night Out,* in September, 1924. His two longer plays, *The Shadow of a Gunman* and *Juno and the Paycock,* have recently been published in one volume by Messrs. Macmillan and *Juno* has been produced at the Royalty Theatre in London.

Sean O'Casey is not by any means the first dramatist to stage the slums of Dublin and to portray the hardy, vivacious race that inhabits them in a play, but it can hardly be questioned that he is the greatest. Some years ago two plays staged the type and both passed without notice. They were *The Slough,* by A. P. Wilson, and a blistering social satire called *Blight,* by one who called himself Alpha & Omega. Then there was Daniel Corkery's *The Labor Leader,* which, somewhat incidentally perhaps, used the same material. Where O'Casey scores over those dramatists is in the use he makes of the period of war and bloodshed through which Dublin has recently passed and with which his audiences are thoroughly familiar. The plays named were all very serious, they contained no comedy element and were not calculated to make audiences laugh. They were all in the English Repertory Theatre style and have all been dropped from the repertoire of the Abbey Theatre. Such is the fate of plays which deal seriously with serious subjects. "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." The playwrights felt tragedies, but the audiences insisted upon comedies. O'Casey calls his plays tragedies, but they are played and accepted as comedies.

"I FORGET," said Sarcey, "what tyrant it was of ancient Greece to whom massacres were every-day affairs, but who wept copiously over the misfortunes of a heroine in a tragedy." Dublin audiences are somewhat like that Greek, they endured the bloodletting of several years stoically, and then laughed uproariously at the tragedy of Juno. They overlooked the fact that the tragedy of Juno is of infinitely greater significance to Dublin and to the world than the spectacular melodrama which was played on the political stage. To the audiences, however, it was not; they had handled their guns like men, and then came the time to laugh. It did not matter that the laughter was induced by the tragedy of a great woman. After all Juno is only a martyr to the social system, a mere speck of dust beneath the Juggernaut without a brake. It is sweet and noble to die for one's country, but it is only a music-hall "turn" to starve to death in a Dublin tenement. So it would seem if the laughter that greeted O'Casey's plays at the Abbey Theatre is to be accepted at its superficial value. Life is a rollicking comedy to the audiences and a hideous tragedy to the dramatist, but it was not entirely the fault of the audiences that the hideousness of O'Casey's tragedies failed to affect them. As played at the Abbey Theatre it was the comic rather than the tragic aspects of his plays that were emphasized, and the superb acting of F. J. MacCormick and Barry Fitzgerald as "Joxer" and "The Captain" veiled the tragic significance of Juno as played by Sara Allgood. The audiences took the two typical Dublin loafers to their hearts, more easily perhaps because that type had never been so well exemplified on the stage of the Abbey Theatre.

(*Continued on page* 58)

# Culture Hums in Joplin

*Main Street Puts on Its Tuxedo and Preens Itself on Its Sophistication*

By H. E. REDDING

*IMPRESARIO GEORGE C. TYLER recently sent his all-star cast of "The Rivals" into the vast American hinterland, and hired Clayton Hamilton, the distinguished dramatic critic, to lecture in each town a week prior to the opening, so the Main Streeters might have some idea what the old classic was about. It may be interesting to our readers to know what effect Mr. Tyler's Sesquicentenary and Mr. Hamilton's oratory had on Joplin, Mo.*—EDITOR.

THE orchestra has ceased whining "Auld Lang Syne." The asbestos medium of advertising, with its wares grouped about a pink-and-green "Scene in the Ozarks," rolls upward. Two maroon velvet curtains hide the stage from us. On the right we see in golden outlines "1925," on the left "1775."

Sol Rosenbloom smooths his tuxedo and favors the parquet with that insolent stare he has been cultivating ever since he inherited the Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Emporium.

Augustus Holladay, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., leans forward from his perch in the "roost" with a sigh of joy. The view of those curtains has repaid him for the hour and a half he stood on the cold pavement in line with a hundred others, waiting to rush to that point up near heaven where one can see the show for a dollar. The lean years which followed have not robbed him of the memory of that night on which he, a dashing Jack Absolute, won the plaudits of his Alma Mater.

Five intellectual virgins from the High-School Faculty rustle their programs. They are comfortably ensconced more or less behind posts in that haven of the upper middle class, the first balcony. We feel that at least these five people in the audience have read the play.

1925-1775. What a far cry it seems back to the day when the first audience waited for the curtain to yield to them this play, *The Rivals!* It was only a hundred and fifty years ago.

HOW the world has turned around in that century and a half. When Richard Brinsley Sheridan, age twenty-three, sat down to write his first play, Joplin, Missouri, was a part of the unknown wilderness which lay beyond the little fringe of colonies on the coast of the New World. Its theatre was the council fire, about which naked savages danced the inaugural ceremonies of rhythmic interpretation, and its glorified American girls chorused dull monotones to the beat of the tomtoms.

What would Sheridan have said, could he have looked into the future and known that only a hundred and fifty years afterward, while the rattle of street-cars could be heard above the voices of the players, a crowd of sombrely attired males, who all looked alike, and of short-haired females, who looked either bare or manly, would gaze in disdain upon the finery of his Sir Lucius and his Lydia? Suppose someone had told him all this would take place in a nation which had labeled *They Knew What They Wanted* as the best portrayal of its national life. What would that fiery young man have replied?

"Damme, sir," we can hear him roar; "they're not worth it, I will not write this play!"

Fortunately, by the grace of a wise Providence, we are not able to see the future, so the curtains are drawn aside to reveal to us *The Rivals.*

A HUNDRED and fifty years of progress has taken much from the appearance of our men. Who would call Faulkland a dude or Sir Anthony a tailor's dummy? We live again in the days of 1775, but we seem to find manhood, sturdiness and sagacity beneath those powdered wigs and satin coats. We have an intuition that if Sir Anthony had wanted to roar his way into the organization of a steel trust he could have done it. We believe that the gallant red coat of his son Jack could have been cast aside for one of olive drab without any loss of courage on the part of the wearer, although we doubt if he could have been the partner in war of Sergeant Quirt.

Lydia, Julia, yes, even Lucy the maid, make us wonder if the Golden Age of Womanhood has not passed. Did you ever see anything quite so good to look upon as the 1775 type of feminine beauty? What a relief it is to see a woman's head crowned with a wealth of hair, where a coquettish curl dares to brush against her dainty neck. Hoop skirts, silks, laces, the delicate features upon which powder and rouge appear as an art, not an allure, the gentle voice and the mind whose greatest thought was to be a lady; all these have been brushed aside or hardened almost beyond recognition in this hundred and fifty years of progress.

We are justly proud of our perfect young specimens who come in bathing suits to reveal to us the 1925 type of loveliness. As the motion-picture camera clicks, we rejoice over the glorious achievements of modern woman in our intricate process of living. Still we cannot help feeling a pang of envy toward Richard Brinsley Sheridan that he lived in the day when charm was synonymous with womanhood. Perhaps at this time it would be well to draw the curtains over the scene in Mrs. Malaprop's drawing-room and consider for a moment the right side of the maroon velvet.

George C. Tyler decided to celebrate the passing of a hundred and fifty years since Sheridan added his laurels to those achievements for which English drama may thank Ireland. He placed a couple of Sheridan's plays in the hands of all-star casts and started them on the road to take the Sesquicentenary to the world which lies beyond the hallowed precincts of Broadway. In his arrangements for the revival, Tyler showed himself to be as wise as he was philanthropic. He added a press-agent *de luxe* to the equipment of *The Rivals.* This said person was no less than Clayton Hamilton himself.

That worthy intellectual, whose brush has painted so many high lights, soft sunsets and impressionistic flashes on the canvas of dramatic criticism, left his haunts amid the sunshine of the Players' Club and went forth to battle with the provincialism of that dark, dreary land which lies westward. Four times he journeyed across the continent that the people of Emporia, Kansas, Springfield in every State, and Joplin, Missouri, might learn about Sheridan and *The Rivals* and the Sesquicentenary as honored by Thomas A. Wise, James T. Powers and Minnie Maddern Fiske, who, he informed us, is the "greatest actress on the stage today." When he addressed us with that statement, accompanied by that charming far-away look in his eyes, we wonder if he was not seeing the accusing faces of Ethel Barrymore and Jane Cowl. Yet who are we that we should dispute his authority?

IT was an exhausted Clayton Hamilton who faced two audiences in Joplin that the dramatic genius of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and the benevolence of George C. Tyler in sharing with us his Sesquicentenary might be properly commemorated. He had struggled with the torture of a chair car all day in order that he might reach Joplin, and he had struggled with small-town minds for a year. Truly, it was an exhausted Mr. Hamilton who faced us, only to hear himself introduced by one of our local—er, Rotarians, who admitted he had never heard of Mr. Hamilton and presumed that, although Mr. Hamilton had probably never written an entire play by himself, he could tell us much that was interesting about plays.

From this dramatic oracle much of interest was revealed. Mr. Hamilton conversed pleasantly with us for a space of about four hours during his two appearances. We learned that Sheridan was not a model scholar at Harrow, that he was a social climber, that he eloped with his wife, that he wrote the first portion of *The Rivals* and refused to finish the play until he had to be put under lock and key, away from food and drink; that "the last act was the efforts of a very thirsty young man," and that, incidentally, when Clayton

(*Continued on page* 68)

*Photo Bruguière*

## SCENE IN BENELLI'S DRAMA "THE JEST" AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATRE

*At the house of Tornaquinci, the persecuted Giannetto (Basil Sydney) meets Neri, his tormentor (Alphonz Ethier), at supper. Vengeance at any cost for the agonies endured prompts Giannetto to make merry with the ferocious bully, but underneath the pleasantries of the table runs a current of deadly hate and impending tragedy. At left Ginevra (Violet Heming)*

# Palm Beach S'Amuse

***Billion-Dollar Audience Welcomes Ziegfeld Beauties to America's Playground***

By LLOYD WHEELER ERSKINE

*Our Special Commissioner on the American Riviera*

*Palm Beach, February 20, 1926.*

A SURVEY of Palm Beach's theatrical season is of necessity a *critique* of Ziegfeld's *Palm Beach Nights*. To find a sufficient reason for its conception we can only paraphrase Will Rogers: "Flo must have had insomnia to have started this show down here." Not that the production isn't worthy of either Flo or Palm Beach, but one wonders if it is possible for Flo to ever separate himself again from the beauties that he has gathered about him for a few Winter months.

Typical is the best word that describes the effort at Palm Beach. It was typically Ziegfeldian in production, Urbanesque in decoration and with the hands of Messrs. Wayburn and Friml prominent in the construction of the superimposed *motifs* so well known to followers of the type of musical comedy offered to night-club *habitués*.

Thanks to the setting provided in the rebuilt Club Montmartre, intimacy between stage and audience was well maintained. Especially was this evident at the close of each performance when players and audience mingled for the supper and dancing that followed. Such a move went far toward securing the success of the production. What more could one ask than a tropical setting of a palm-ensconced playhouse; an Art Hickman orchestra as only Art can; beauties as only the famous Ziegfeld can collect?

Exterior of the Club Montmartre, Palm Beach, where the "billion-dollar audience" applauded Ziegfeld's Glorified American Beauties

The ten weeks' run opened with the *première* on the night of January 14, playing to a "billion-dollar audience," to quote a society leader's estimate. The review was scintillating in cleverness, dazzling in its beauty, with the smart set of two continents grouped about several hundred tables to applaud and beg for *encores*. With the possible exception of the Washington Birthday balls at the Poinciana, probably never has a more brilliantly representative gathering of prominent men and women been assembled at a Palm Beach event.

SINCE that notable opening the Club Montmartre has been the hub around which the wheel of Palm Beach night life revolves. After the show there was music furnished by Art Hickman for those who cared to dance or a supper as only Dominique of Baltimore could cater. From this point of vantage one could proceed to Bradley's, the Everglades, the Casino for whatever form of entertainment fancy chose.

Mlle. Edmonde Guy, French musical star *par excellence*, made her American début in the "Nights." A typical French beauty, the newcomer quickly found an abundance of followers and admirers. Here was beauty of form and face and personality essentially European. Her dance creations with Van Buren brought down the house. Other principals included Blaney and Farrar of England, Harry Fender, Cliff Edwards, Kathryn Martyn, Mary Jane, Peggy Fears, Claire Luce, Mlle. Vitak, Morton, Downey, Demaris and Doré. The music was written by Rudolph Friml, with lyrics by Gene Buck and Irving Cæsar and entertainment in charge of Ned Wayburn.

The inception of the ten weeks' run at Palm Beach had its foundation a year ago, at which time Ziegfeld was approached by A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., and Paris Singer. As a result of their negotiations there was presented an intimate review designed for small houses, and the response of the Palm Beach audiences seemed to have more than anticipated the hopes of the associated members. While the fact that the seasonal run was guaranteed on a contract basis, with the associate members underwriting a great proportion of the cost, considerable thought was given to the public and the aid to be procured through that channel. Evidence of this was soon viewed by a considerable cut in the admission price.

The Montmartre Club originated about three years ago as an exceptionally exclusive resort club. Its members were dissatisfied with the program of the club for the first season, and on the following year provision was made to admit friends of members. Even this arrangement did not meet with entire satisfaction, and Paris Singer conferred with Ziegfeld on the possibility of what took shape this year. So the club was remodeled under the supervision of Urban to meet the demands attendant on giving a nightly production. Even during the past season there was a small flurry of dissatisfaction by some members of the club, arising from the fact that a large number were unable to procure reservations for the *première*, the movement of dissatisfaction going so far as to lead members of this *clique* to resort to newspaper propaganda in antagonism.

The review came into the limelight of public affairs on numerous occasions. One instance in particular when it was given wide publicity came at a time when the Rev. John Roach Straton, of New York, included it in a statement condemning the night life of the resort, while Dudley Field Malone took up the cudgel in its defense. All of which, of course, was most desirable publicity. From time to time the program was changed to prevent monotony, but under each change there was a *motif* of tropical atmosphere and interchangeable relationship of principals that dominated throughout the entire season. Occasionally an impromptu leaf was inserted with the visit of some musical-comedy star from other sections of the country who happened to be in Palm Beach for a short time.

The presence of the show's some eighty girls added a new atmosphere to Palm Beach. They entered into the sport and night life of the resort in no half-way measure, adding their beauty to the natural loveliness of the tropical setting. There was an increase in the tempo of the traditional proceedings of the usual seasonal life.

MIAMI also has its share of theatrical entertainment—a mission theatre in an old Spanish setting, a cabaret at Miami Shores, between the crowded Dixie Highway and the Bay Biscayne. Arthur Voegtlin, of New York, designed and built this new amusement center and gave it spectacle and pageant similar to that done in the old days of the Hippodrome in Manhattan, with which he was so long connected. The theatre opened this month with proper ceremonies in the presence of a distinguished and representative audience and became a permanent institution of the Florida metropolis. At the same time Mr. Voegtlin produced his Floridian fantasy of pageant, spectacle and revue under the stage direction of William J. Wilson, with music by Alfred G. Robyn and lyrics by John P. Wilson. A New York company of nearly 200 principals, dancers, chorus and entertainers took part.

The theatre seats nearly two thousand persons. Instead of the familiar orchestra seats there are comfortable cushioned benches. Before these are three separate stages upon which the action takes place. Music is provided by an orchestra and also a great pipe organ. The stage equipment and the electrical effect devices and apparatus are the largest of any theatre in the country.

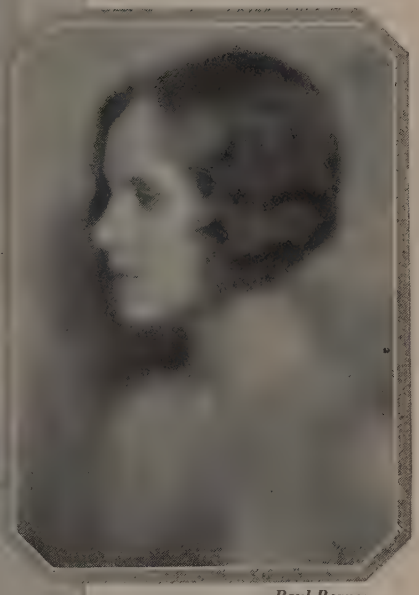
CLAIRE LUCE

Lovely and lithe, this dancer, formerly associated with the extinct *Music Box Revue*, caused a sensation in Paris last Summer when she proxied for Mistinguett. Now she is a full-fledged Ziegfeld star, having been one of the great successes in *Palm Beach Nights*

*Paul Bernay*

PEGGY PREVOST

Sister of the film-famed Marie Prevost and one of the most beautiful of the Ziegfeld girls, cut quite a figure in his Southern extravaganza



*Paul Bernay*

PAULETTE GODDARD

Well-known Washington beauty, chosen by St. Gaudens as a model because of her delicate grace, was a favorite in Ziegfeld's Florida revue

*Paul Bernay*

ALBERTINA VITAK

Whose exotic beauty and fine dancing was a striking feature of *Palm Beach Nights*, plans shortly to return to London, where she has already become a favorite

## THE BEAUTY OF "PALM BEACH NIGHTS"

*Ziegfeld here offers four explanations of the continued Florida boom*

*Florence Vandamm Studio*

## "HEDDA GABLER": ANOTHER SUCCESS FOR THE ACTORS' THEATRE

*When the neurotic, restless Hedda (Emily Stevens) announces to her old friend, Judge Brack (Frank Conroy) that her honeymoon has been a bore and her whole married existence an endless monotony, that gentleman offers a triangular solution*

# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

*Watch the Expression on His Face*

THIS has been Ibsen's month. Not so long ago the little giant of the North was regarded in conservative circles as little less than a freak, his plays declared unpleasant, if not unclean, quite too highbrow for the understanding of the average. To-day we have had no fewer than four revivals of his dramas on Broadway within the past two months—something of a record!

In this country it was *A Doll's House* that blazed the way for the subsequent appreciation of all the rest of the Ibsen theatre. But in point of popular revival *Hedda Gabler* has always held a leading place. It is a fine play in technical construction, its parts are actor-proof, while its title-rôle, with its vivid emotions and violent contradictions, has ever proved a magnet for all leading actresses possessed of a particularly cerebral nature. Once *Hedda* was considered a histrionic abnormality. Whether the growth of psychoanalysis has helped or not, the neuroses of Ibsen's heroine are better understood these days and a comprehension of her moods quite evident with modern playgoers.

It is a fine, all-around, well-balanced production—that given by the Actors' Theatre at the Comedy. Dudley Digges' direction is admirable. He has presented the perfect spirit of the play, bringing into high relief its many dramatic crises and investing it with a strikingly effective undercurrent of suspense. His own performance of the kindly but fatuous Tesman is well-nigh perfect. Lovborg is played with thrilling intensity by Louis Calhern, and Frank Conroy's sinister, but suave, personality finds admirable outlet in the rôle of Judge Brack. The gentle simplicity of Aunt Julia has wholesome delineation at the hands of Hilda Helstrom, and Patricia Collinge as Mrs. Elvstedt brings a delicate refinement to the rôle, showing at the same time the depth of her sincere love for Lovborg. It may be prejudice, but I do not care for Emily Stevens' rendering of the title-rôle. Its violent restlessness robbed it of all distinction.

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IN *John Gabriel Borkman,* seen at a series of matinées at the Booth Theatre, Ibsen is less mystic and therefore more lucid than most of his others and gets nearer to the ordinary understanding. The performance given by Egon Brecher in the title-rôle was a work of art. Ibsen makes him a tottering tower, but still a tower; the King Lear quality of Mr. Brecher's interpretation was remarkably impressive. He was ably seconded by the lady who played Mrs. Borkman, Helen Haye, an English actress with a diction so perfect that she might well serve as a model for many more widely advertised actresses, not excepting Miss Le Gallienne herself, who, though she admirably conveyed in her mien and deportment the soul and sentiment of the smitten sister, fell far short through a sometimes inaudible and frequently jerky delivery of her lines. Ibsen needs the best diction to be comprehended. On the whole the entire cast was admirable and much applauded, Marian Warring-Manly contributing an admirably limned sketch of the dashing Mrs. Wilson.

### Plays You Ought to See

CRADLE SNATCHERS—Most amusing comedy farce, showing how three wives, annoyed by flirtatious husbands, adopt desperate remedies. Funniest play in town.

DEAREST ENEMY—Melodious and picturesque operetta of the American Revolution. Beautifully sung, staged and acted.

HEDDA GABLER—Splendid, well-balanced production of Ibsen's fine play, with a well-nigh perfect performance by Dudley Digges as Tesman.

MAGDA—Brilliant revival of Sudermann's well-known drama, with a fine performance by Bertha Kalich and supporting company.

NO, NO, NANETTE—Excellent entertainment with brisky comedy by Charles Winninger and some remarkable dancing by Louise Groody.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Smart and entertaining crook play, with Ina Claire as a girl thief who wins her way in society.

THE DYBBUK—Jewish folk-play, full of beauty and enchantment, in which Mary Ellis gives an inspired performance as the bewitching bride. The best thing the present season has so far offered.

YOUNG WOODLEY—Charming comedy of English school life, with Glenn Hunter as a dreaming schoolboy, and a wonderful performance by Helen Gahagan as the master's wife.

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STILL another Ibsen play, *Little Eyolf,* which had not been seen here since Nazimova inaugurated the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre with it some nineteen years ago, was seen at matinées at the Guild Theatre. The play, not one of the Norwegian's best, still contains elements of strong dramatic contrast and character drawing of vital psychological interest. Physically Clare Eames hardly realizes the qualifications of Rita Allmers, but she is a temperamental actress of acute ability, and varying moods of allure, scorn, recrimination and abjection are outlined by her with a sure touch.

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IF the long-threatened theatre censorship is ever forced upon this town—and that catastrophe may be closer at hand than most people suspect—we shall know whom to thank for it. *The Glass Slipper, The Shanghai Gesture, Lulu Belle*—an unholy trinity of theatrical filth! Our stage can go no further in self-degradation. All the ordures of brutal concupiscence, the noisome scrapings of the sexual garbage can, the shameless, abandoned jargon of the brothel, raucous ribaldry, rape, debauchery, lewdness, the whole gamut of depravity and lechery—such is the putrescent drama served to-day for the entertainment of your sons and daughters, not secretly, furtively in some obscure East Side dive, but openly, brazenly in Broadway theatres of the first class.

*Lulu Belle,* the odyssey of a colored Harlem harlot, the production of which by David Belasco mars a long and distinguished career spent in the service of our theatre, is another flagrant offender in a long list of vile plays which these last few years have disgraced the American stage. To speak of art in connection with such theatrical offal is to blaspheme. Devoid of all literary quality, crude in construction, hackneyed in plot and situation, as contributions to the theatre such pieces are utterly worthless. They appear to be produced with but one intent—to make money, and in this, morbid public curiosity being what it is, they succeed beyond the dreams of avarice. In some respects *Lulu Belle,* a lurid melodrama of New York's black belt, is more objectionable than other erotic exhibitions of its kind. Until now the casts of these bawdy shows have been confined to white players. If indecencies of dialogue or situation were committed, at least it was among one's own, in the family so to speak. But now, emulating the example of certain cabarets, where black-and-tan performers draw the midnight pleasure seekers, an added thrill is sought at the Belasco by mixing the colors. No fewer than one hundred negro performers and fifteen whites take part in the production.

The stage settings are, of course, everything one expects of Belasco's wizardry. The opening scene—a street section in the negro district, the tenement fire-escapes crowded with the black tenants, colored children playing below, the black Salvation Army preacher exhorting the passers-by to prepare for death, the typical darkey saloon, with black couples dancing to jazz and the Charleston—it's all impressionistic enough. Here comes Lulu Belle, a colored Carmencita, dancer and hard-boiled gold-digger, in quest of new prey. How she vamps a married negro barber, adds to her male conquests a prize-fighter, who helps her rob another man in a hotel badger game; discards her barber lover and runs away to Paris to become the mistress of a French vicomte, only to be strangled to death by the barber, who has followed her across the Atlantic, makes up as cheap and tawdry a stage story as I have ever sat through. Henry Hull gave a fine performance as the barber-lover and Lenore Ulric outdid herself in vivacity and energy as the dusky wanton, but even the virtuosity of the leading artists could not make the play any the more palatable or excusable.

THIS season the Theatre Guild seems to have suffered from lack of well-balanced direction. One failure has followed another.

Not only have the plays been found wanting, but the egregious blunders in casting have been glaring. Some obscure little amateur organization in Bronxville would hardly have been guilty of them. Formerly one could always be reasonably sure of an interesting evening at the Guild, but this year——. Here's the dolorous record: the unsavory *Glass Slipper,* the anæmic *Androcles,* the flabby *Merchants of Glory* and now the dull, noisy, decidedly unpleasant—not to say repellent —*Goat Song!*

Franz Werfel is a German revolutionary and poet who has been acclaimed by post-war youth throughout Central Europe as a leader and prophet. His philosophy towards life is thus set forth by an admirer: "Neither a Bolshevist nor an Expressionist, his work is in the service of humanity. In his apprehension of tragedy, his tenderness for the humble and rejected, his tremendous aspiration for the uttermost good and his singularly insistent sentiment of personal responsibility for man's manifold shortcomings, he reverts to the solitary Christian. To him the only beauty, the only virtue belong to the inner life, and because ashes are immaculate and pure flowers of idealism bloom amid the blight of carnage, Werfel would have no logical hesitation in sacrificing the world if the world should thereby be cleansed. He is as inexorable as God in his love of man. Thus in *Goat Song* he chastens this wayward humanity with a bitter rod to bring it back to peace."

To write of a man still in his early thirties as being "as inexorable as God in his love of man" strikes one as being more humorous than blasphemous. Herr Werfel may, indeed, be a new Messiah trumpeting a warning of coming destruction to a depraved and reckless world, but it is not clear after sitting through the hectic five acts of *Goat Song* exactly how suffering humanity is to be helped in any practical way by such a farrago of horrors, frenzied madness, unearthly screechings, lurid cursings, wild tumult and delirium as this nightmare of a play reveals.

The title "Goat Song" is taken from the Greek word "Tragedy," deriving from the worship of Dionysius and his goat-like followers. The scene of the play is laid in the Slavic countryside along the Danube in 1790, the theme having been suggested by an actual happening reported in the press: "In a Serbian village a monster was born to a rich peasant family—a creature half beast, half man. The parents regarded it as a deep disgrace to the race of which they were proud and kept the monster a secret, hiding it in a hovel until it grew up. Finally, it escaped, causing a social upheaval."

Juvan, a revolutionary, returning to the scene of his childhood, is embittered by the futility of his own efforts. He scorns both the rich land owners and the outcasts who appeal vainly to the farmers for land. But he, too, listens to the voice of Bogoboj, the soothsayer, and finds in the capture of the hidden monster the torch that will kindle the discontent of the landless ones into flaming revolt. Believing that they harbor among them a messenger from the gods, the superstitious rioters let loose the beast in themselves and burn, maim and kill in a frenzy of destruction. "In the ending of the play," explains the house program, "it is shown that the spirit of Pan—the spirit of nature—the hidden thing which revolts when established order becomes oppressive—lives on in the heroine Stanja, for it is the very quality of our human nature that we are all half animal, half god."

The play has its moments of sanity. The first act, showing the betrothal of the cold, beautiful Stanja to the Gospodar's spineless son, and the scene in Act II, where the assembled Elders reject the insistent cries of the famished *sans culottes* for food and land, is gripping theatre, strongly and colorfully written, with splendid characterization. But these early episodes are only the calm before the storm. From here on the author allows the humanitarian day-dreamer to get the better of the playwright, and anarchy and lunacy are let loose, to the undoing of the players and the complete destruction of the whole as a serious work of art.

That fine actress, Blanche Yurka, admirably made up, was movingly effective as the grieving mother, George Gaul was dignified and forceful as the distracted Gospodar Stevan, and Lynn Fontanne, in a stunning native costume, was statuesquely beautiful as Stanja. But the honors of the evening went to Alfred Lunt for his virile, spirited performance of the revolutionary student Juvan.

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*MAGDA,* Sudermann's tried and proven drama of earlier-day German pride and social deportment, has served as a vehicle for too many prominent actresses to call for any elaborate criticism of the play itself. It is only to be regretted that its good construction is more honored in the breach than in the observance by the many "smart" young playwrights of to-day who cultivate formlessness and call it modern art. So these few lines of review will concern themselves with the performance given at the Maxine Elliott Theatre by Bertha Kalich and a fine company. Madame Kalich's rendering of the title-rôle, while uneven—for in saving herself for the climaxes she was overcolloquial in many scenes—showed she has the spark of genius and the power to thrill. Her English has so much improved that there is now scarcely the trace of an accent. Charles Waldron played the stern, unyielding old father in a characteristic guise and with such perfect discrimination and force that he suggested the histrionic equipment of a really great actor. It would be a treat to see Madame Kalich and Mr. Waldron in an equally worthy modern play.

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SESSUE HAYAKAWA, the popular Japanese motion-picture star, is a distinguished, charming, interesting personality. When playing in pantomime on the screen he is a dynamic, subtly forceful actor. But when treading the legitimate stage *in propria persona,* as he did recently for the first time in *The Love City* at the Little Theatre, his limitations as a histrion become noticeable. The inscrutable Oriental mask which enables men of his race to keep the muscles of their faces rigid no matter what fierce emotions are raging in their hearts—the impassioned wooing of a beloved mistress or murderous hate toward a defenseless rival—is here a handicap. Scenes that are effective enough in pictures become in spoken drama a series of mere postures, with the playwright's lines uttered in the same low monotone and with so little expression that only half their significance can be guessed. Nor is the actor's command of the vernacular, while quite remarkable in a foreigner, so fluent or articulate that more than half the dialogue could easily be followed or understood. Mr. Hayakawa gave, however, a good, consistent performance, and at the final curtain when, having shot the foreign devil who has robbed him of Tse-shi's love, he finds that he too is fatally wounded, he struck a note of genuine emotion.

As to the play itself—a blend of drama and fantasy made in Germany—little need be said except that it is utter rubbish. The scenes laid partly in China, partly in London, it purports to tell a tale of the yellow slave traffic. Tse-shi, a pretty Chinese dancing girl, is kept imprisoned in the opium den of the sinister Chang Lo. A young Englishman, whose wife has left him, comes to the place, seeking in the pipe forgetfulness of his troubles. As Tse-shi prepares the drug and dances for his entertainment, the Englishman is struck by her likeness to his wife. As he smokes he thinks of the sensuous Chinese girl as Body, while the wife at home, whom he still loves, he thinks of as Soul. Drug-crazed, he is transported back to London in a dream, where he finds Soul carrying on an affair with an attaché of the Chinese Embassy, none other than Chang Lo. Recovering his senses, he engages the den keeper in a deadly duel in which both are killed. A silly yarn that even the movies would be justified in balking at.

Earl Larimore, a newcomer, was forceful as the Englishman, and Catherine Dale Owen made an attractive and appealing Tse-shi.

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*A WEAK WOMAN,* seen at the Ritz Theatre, is an affable little comedy, adapted from the French of Jacques Deval by Ernest Boyd. Presented as a modern comedy, the piece is somewhat farcical, reaching a climax which almost puts it in the class of tragedy. While some of the lines and scenes are suggestive, they are not put over in a vulgar or boisterous fashion. The overtones are quietly amusing and amusingly ironic.

There is a unique triangle, a young French widow and her two suitors—one a "militant sensualist," the other a timid sentimentalist. The affections of the widow swing, pendulum-fashion, first in the direction of one, then back to the other. She admits, in a quandary, that she loves both. Finally one conquers her body, the other her heart. A serious thought to take home with you—this odd division of a woman's love.

The Morgan brothers, Frank and Ralph, play the rôles of the suitors. Estelle Winwood draws well the picture of a weak, wavering woman, susceptible and open to male persuasive powers.

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A PLAY called *Shelter,* written by Harry Chapman Ford, was produced at the remote and concealed Cherry Lane Playhouse. The author endeavors to spike the guns of his

*Florence Vandamm Studio*

## LYNN FONTANNE IN "GOAT SONG"

*As the cold, beautiful peasant bride, in the Theatre Guild's production of Werfel's fantastic drama, this actress fully sustains that virtuosity and charm which during the past few seasons have gained for her an enviable reputation as one of the most attractive and interesting of our younger leading women*

critics by billing his work as an "incident" in three acts. Any incident that takes up three acts ceases to be an incident. As a matter of fact, *Shelter* consists of a first act that is good and two subsequent acts that are bad. In the first act he gathers together a number of unusual derelicts—all well defined—who are herded in a hole under a North River pier. The hand-to-mouth existence of these characters promises to furnish an interesting story that never materializes. Into this forlorn nest drifts a bully who doesn't belong there and a helpless little maid saved from a neighborhood fire. The whole play is taken up by the bully's efforts to violently possess the girl. He all but succeeds when he is "backed off" into the river for a final curtain. There was not much good acting. Reginald Barlow had most to say, but as he played the bully, most all he said was mainly noise and of little import.

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UNTIL I saw *The Shanghai Gesture* at the Martin Beck Theatre I always had a certain respect for the showmanship of Al Woods —an enterprising impresario who deals largely in beds and other useful domestic furnishings. But I couldn't imagine that even such a staunch upholder of box-office values as Mr. Woods would stand for the messy, inept, evil-smelling 10-20-30 melodrama which John Colton —co-author of the dramatization of the successful *Rain*—has fashioned out of this impossible, sordid yarn about a Chinese brothel keeper.

A play may be dirty and still make money which, in the elastic consciences of many of us, sufficiently excuses the dirt. But a foul play which has not a single redeeming feature, but is stupid and offensive to the point of turning your stomach—that strikes me as poor showmanship. For who is likely to seek in the theatre something that both bores and sickens? In the matter of observing the common decencies of life, I am no more squeamish than the next, but who will not resent seeing a girl served practically naked on a platter and offered for sale to a lot of supers, chattering and gesticulating as they gloat on this unusual spectacle—a semi-nude girl offered to them for cash! The scene being irrelevant to the action, good taste alone should have tabooed it. Nor is the scene in the next act any less objectionable or repulsive—that where Charteris, head of the British-China Trading Company, is shown his own daughter dangling in a gilded cage and offered by the infamous Mother Goddam for immoral purposes to whosoever can pay the price? Can our dramatic artists be subjected to greater degradation, greater humiliation than this?

In brief, the plot deals with the vengeance of Mother Goddam, now proprietress of a luxurious lupanar in Shanghai, for a wrong done her twenty years before by Charteris. An important figure in Shanghai's business circles, the Englishman has quite forgotten the woman he deserted. But Goddam has nursed her wrong. On New Year's night she invites all the notables of Shanghai to her house for dinner and during the banquet throws off the mask and denounces her former lover, her violence terrifying her guests, who beat a hasty retreat—all except Charteris, who is kept a prisoner and forced to witness his daughter's degradation. Mother Goddam also has a daughter, the victim of Japanese lust. As the girl comes reeling drunk from a bedroom in the brothel, she is killed by her own mother. Of such tender, delicate joys is your modern Broadway entertainment made.

Florence Reed, a rare artist in the theatre, has long specialized in these hectic rôles, and she does them all well. As Mother Goddam she is superb. More the pity! 'Tis a fearful waste of a fine talent.

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*SWEETHEART TIME,* at the Imperial, is a musical comedy based upon Willie Collier's old farce, *Never Say Die,* and in its new musical dress furnishes pretty tunes and snappy entertainment. Although many authors have had a hand in the mixing of this musical batter, the book, full of old gags, could easily be thrown away. But the singing and dancing, of the Fred and Adele Astaire brand, make up for other shortcomings and the specialty numbers are distinctly good. The score is tuneful and contains several catchy numbers of the type that will be radioed, whistled and phonographed. Altogether a peppy, springlike concoction, with flowers used in profusion and attractive girls in Summery frilly attire.

Eddie Buzzell, as the young millionaire who believes he has but one more month to live, furnishes most of the comedy, helped along by Harry Kelly as a trick detective, and Fred Leslie, an Englishman of the comic-paper type. The dancing and the specialty numbers are really the bright spots of the show, with Nick Lucas, of this group, scoring the biggest hit. Starke Patterson and Laine Blair, a nimble, graceful dancing pair, were pretty much the life of the party.

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IN these days of indistinct utterance on the stage, when half the audience is kept guessing what the words are that the actor is speaking, it remained for Eugene O'Neill to still further add to one's perplexities by clapping pasteboard masks over the actors' mouths. Under pretext of restoring the old Greek masks, he launched at the Greenwich Village Theatre a so-called play with the title of *The Great God Brown.* In this weird concoction he sets forth that we all wear masks on this lying earth of ours. Then utterly confusing the figurative with the actual, he resorts to his artificial hocus-pocus. It may be the sign of genius to be utterly non-understandable. Some poets have gained renown through being too deep to be fathomed. Mr. O'Neill, in his latest work, at one fell swoop destroys his claim to being either a poet or a dramatist. As a poet he substitutes fustian and turgidity for nobility of language and as a dramatist he violates every recognized canon of play-writing with asides, soliloquies, verbosity and, above everything else, lack of clarity.

One carries away from the new O'Neill play such a feeling of resentment that calm analysis becomes difficult, and to recount lucidly what his play is all about is well-nigh impossible. Such gleams of a story as reached us were that two men loved the same woman. The woman loved one with his mask on and the other not at all. She marries the mask and has several sons by it. Then the mask kills himself (or itself) or maybe it dies of inflated oratory—and then the unloved man dons the dead man's mask and starts love-making on his own hook. And, *mirabile dictu,* the wife accepts the masked man as her late lamented (not knowing that he is dead), applauds the restored vigor of his kisses, and in spite of the fact that Number Two is some twenty pounds heavier than Number One, wears entirely different clothes, and has a voice as much resembling Number One's as a bassoon resembles a flute, remains serenely ignorant of her matrimonial adventure. What happens after that defies discovery. There is a constant shifting of masks, and Numbers One and Two become omnipresent. For though Number One is dead, his mask is left lying around, and his wife continues to adore it (though a mere mask seems rather short commons for an amorous wife). Finally Number Two gets shot—he has been posing as Number One—but the good wife pays no attention to even that fact. She falls upon the original mask and worships it feverishly in some of Mr. O'Neill's most inflamed language! If all this is not piffle, then there is no longer any meaning in the word.

William Harrington played the second lover, called the Great God Brown, a satirical definition of the successful commonplace. He is a fine young actor, who gave all sorts of emotional display in obedience to stage directions—no simple feat. Robert Keith played the other chap, the one whose mask first captured the bride. When he wasn't smothered behind that false face he seemed to have intelligence and a fine voice.

As part of the plot it ought to be recorded that there is a prostitute in the piece. Mr. O'Neill likes to work them in. But the lady's social standing doesn't interfere with her abundant and florid language. She high-falutes with the best of them, masked or unmasked, and it is to Miss Shoemaker's credit that she seemed to know what she was talking about. Miss Leonora Hogarth played the heroine, if so she could be called. One really feels sorry for her, the way she had to carry on. If she hadn't been an efficient actress she would have fallen by the wayside. Mr. Jones, as usual, furnished the scenery and as usual furnished it in sample portions.

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AFTER having let his little Punch and Judy Theatre lapse into innocuous desuetude for many years, Charles Hopkins has once more rolled up his sleeves, changed the name of his theatre to The Charles Hopkins and become an actual manager and landed a production of his own under the title of *The Makropoulos Secret.* In this new Bohemian play Karel Capek has once more soared into the realm of the fantastic, where a large percentage of ordinary playgoers will be unable to follow him. We are living in an age where a revolt against time-honored methods seems to be leading the new dramatist to the other extreme, where the desire to create something different does not go hand in hand with something better. When the pendulum swings back, as in course of time it must, we shall return to normalcy and sanity will again come into its own.

(*Continued on page* 64)

Lieutenant Gatsby (*James Rennie*), the youth from the lower stratum of life, who becomes engaged to a Southern belle and is discarded by her family

Gatsby refuses to accept the offer of herself by his former sweetheart, Daisy Buchanan (*Florence Eldridge*)

*Photos by White, N. Y.*

The chauffeur (*Robert W. Craig*) wreaks vengeance on the wrong man for the injury done his wife

And the rest is darkness—for Gatsby

## "THE GREAT GATSBY," A HIT AT THE AMBASSADOR

*Good acting and telling scenes in Owen Davis' dramatization of the popular novel*

# London Stirred by A Superb "Henry VIII"

*Sybil Thorndike's Katharine a Sympathetic and Beautiful Queen*

By ST. JOHN ERVINE
*"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent*

*London, February 15, 1926.*

HOW tempting it is for an author, even if he be equipped with no more than his ear and his instinct, to adventure himself among the shoals of Elizabethan scholarship! Did Shakespeare write the whole or only part of *Henry VIII?* Had he a hand in it at all? Was Fletcher its author, or mainly its author? How much of it was written by Massinger? Was it tinkered together by all three of them? What mysteries would be abolished if Shakespeare had been as particular about publication as Ben Jonson was! If his shade ever visits the British Museum and sees the appalling piles of commentaries that have been written about his work, his conscience must sorely tease him when he reflects that he might have avoided all the professors if he had occupied a little of his last leisure by preparing an Authentic Edition of his plays.

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MY own habit, in attempting to solve such problems as the authorship of *Henry VIII,* is to *listen* while the words are said, rather than to read them in silence. I imagine, perhaps without warrant, that I can *hear* where Shakespeare begins and ends. The professors, who generally try only to *see* him, will not, I fear, be much impressed by my method, though it has something to recommend it. Poets have sound as well as fury, and can sometimes be detected by the ear when they cannot be detected by the eye. Testing *Henry VIII,* then, by the sound of the words, I find myself on the side neither of Fleay, who assigned the first scene of the first act to Philip Massinger, nor on the side of Spedding, who assigned it to Shakespeare. I believe that Shakespeare had hardly any hand in the first scene until Wolsey appeared in it. He supremely possessed the power of writing *dramatic* dialogue, and his words come easily off the tongues of his actors. He was not one of your literary dramatists whose fine, pretty sentences continually entangle actors and trip them up. Listening to the first half of the first scene of this play on Wednesday night, I thought to myself, "Shakespeare never wrote these ungainly lines which are so hard for the actors to say!" Then Wolsey appeared, and suddenly, it seemed to me, Shakespeare appeared too. Compare the speech spoken by Buckingham just before the Cardinal enters with the first speech he utters after the Cardinal departs. Here is the first one:

> Every man,
> After the hideous storm that followed, was
> A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
> Into a general prophecy—that this tempest,
> Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
> The sudden breach on't.

And here is the second:

> This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I
> Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
> Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
> Outworths a noble's blood.

To my ears, the first of these speeches unmistakably is *not* Shakespeare's, while the second unmistakably is.

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THE play itself is pretty good as pageants go. It suffers lamentably from the fact that the interest is always shifting, and that the central character is actually a subordinate one. We begin with interest in Buckingham, which is so completely dispersed by the end of the evening that we have almost forgotten him. It is then transferred to Katharine, and from her to Wolsey. In each case it is concerned with a fall. Buckingham falls; Katharine falls; Wolsey falls; and if the play had lasted for a scene or two longer, Anne Bullen would have fallen too. Katharine's career is kept on one level. Her scenes are repeated in sorrow and woe. She does, indeed, get the best of the play, but it is a diminishing best. She is dwindling all the time. Wolsey's greatness is mentioned, but not displayed, and when we are invited to behold his fall from it, we are left curiously unimpressed. All that talk about it at the end of the third act makes us feel that the old gentleman liked oratory, and might go on talking about his ruin to the end of his life. Leicester Abbey must have been a resonant place while he was a-dying. These three, Buckingham, Katharine and Wolsey, are the tragic figures, but none of them is dominantly tragic; and Henry himself has little to do but stamp his feet and be uxorious. Anne Bullen is a pretty piece—that and nothing more. This distribution of interest more, perhaps, than anything else, indicates that Shakespeare's part in the play was that of a trimmer. The body of the play was made by someone else; whether by Fletcher or Massinger is of no account. Shakespeare would never, with his command of craft, have allowed his theme to be frittered away as it is here frittered away. Either he would have made Henry a more dominant character or he would have made the play a contest between the Cardinal and Katharine. The whole play is loose-jointed, but it provides opportunities for beautiful production and gives an actor or an actress a chance for a hefty performance.

The opportunities were seized. Mr. Lewis T. Casson, the producer of the play, has given us, with the assistance of Mr. Charles Ricketts, one of the most beautiful productions we have ever seen, and has given it to us without fuss about twenty-thousand-pound lighting sets. The production is simple, but has the effect of magnificence. Some of the scenes, notably that of the coronation of Anne Bullen in the fourth act, are exquisitely lovely, and will not easily be surpassed by any other producer. Mr. Ricketts has taken the tone of his production from Holbein—Mr. Norman V. Norman, who played Henry, might have stepped off Holbein's palette—but he has not concealed his own personality, with the result that we are given a series of scenes whose beauty is never disfigured. For the production alone this play should be seen by everybody, and I heartily wish that it could be put down in New York for a night or two so that the young gentlemen there (who have been getting above themselves lately) might see what a man of genius can do with a play when he sets his mind to it.

But the production is not the only reason why the town should be striving to get into the Empire. Sybil Thorndike's Katharine was a queerly beautiful queen: remote, and yet very near to our sympathy. This Katharine made us realize how solitary of a sudden she had become—"a woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd"—and filled us with compassion for her, when out of her stricken solitude she cried:

> 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
> Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it.
> Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts. . . .

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YET her queenliness did not forsake her, in her trial or in her death, nor did her grief distrain her from her nobility. This was a royal lady. Miss Thorndike grows in her craft. She is conquering her mannerisms. Her voice is acquiring a gentler, less severe sound, and will presently, when it is still more flexible, become a very fine instrument. The Buckingham of Mr. Wontner was better in his final scene than in his first, chiefly because he was able then to take his words more deliberately. Pace seemed to rob him of clarity. The Wolsey of Mr. Lyall Swete was hardly as impressive as it ought to have been. This Cardinal did not daunt the imagination nor convince us of reserves of strength. He was better in his end than in his authority. Mr. Norman's Henry was an astonishingly fine one. This was the irascible monarch, able and abdominous, with a sort of common, fat skill in affairs, and a roving eye and an unshakable assurance in the justice of his own desires. The man obviously loved his food and his wenches, but was no fool for all that. Miss Ada King's Old Lady was undoubtedly created by Shakespeare, a direct descendant of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* and all the bawdy old women he loved to put in his plays. Very racily did Miss King act the libidinous old girl. Little space is left for the rest. Mr. Hignett, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Carter, Mr. Clarence, Mr. Winston and Miss Angela Baddeley (a very dainty Anne) were all good. What chiefly remains is an indelible impression of a beautiful production.

SYBIL THORNDIKE

*This fine actress, who to-day dominates the English stage, has just stirred London audiences with her queenly portrayal of Katharine in "Henry VIII." She is here shown holding her own little daughter in a tragic scene from "Trojan Women," in which, as the stricken Hecuba, she scored a triumph several years ago*

(Study by Florence Vandamm Studio)

# Mary Ellis—A Rebel in the Theatre

*Baxter Street or Broadway, It's All One to This Versatile Artist*

By ADA PATTERSON

IN every player's heart is set up a shrine. The shrine is occupied by a concrete image of sharp definiteness. Clear it is as a cameo. The actor's visualization is complete. He sees a Broadway stage and visions himself upon it.

Enter an actress who breaks that image. She smashes it to atoms. "I don't care whether I play on Baxter Street, or Broadway, or in the Bronx," she says. The iron of sincerity is in her tone.

"Unimaginable," says ambitious ingénue or wondering playgoer. "Do I not detect in that remark the flavor of the Concord or Catawba grape?"

You do not, for Mary Ellis has played on Broadway. Not a generation ago, but within the year. Not insignificantly, but with import. She has sung from the Metropolitan Opera House stage, where Maurice Maeterlinck led her forth to bow with him to an acclaiming audience. She sang for a year the name rôle of one of the most popular musical comedies of the last decade.

Yet she is playing in a small theatre in a congested part of the lower East Side, in one of the regions that the Governor of New York is trying to relieve by inducing legislation compelling the replacement of foul old tenements by cleaner, safer ones.

Six months ago her name flamed above the door of a Broadway theatre. It appears now without emphasis in a long list of players in the program. She occupied the large star dressing-room on the stage level. She climbs three flights of stairs to her present little room. She received the salary that a successful Broadway manager can afford to pay to his featured players. To-day her Saturday pay envelope contains a sum that, compared with her former salary, is meagerness.

But Mary Ellis, her determined face and the shoulders of her long dark coat damp from the rain, said while she began dressing for the rôle of Leah in an English version of *The Dybbuk* at the Neighborhood Playhouse: "I don't care whether I play on Baxter Street, or Broadway, or in the Bronx."

IT will help to explain this unique young woman, this Thespian anomaly, by a device precious to some "movie" directors, the flash back. Last midsummer I talked with her in the dressing-room of a Broadway theatre. A dark-haired, vibrant young woman, she darted into her dressing-room, tossed me a few words, then darted back and sang spirited numbers in high, clear tones.

I congratulated her for singing a year the name rôle in *Rose-Marie*. Her reply was a smile. "The attachés of the theatre say you are tireless," I said. "Folly," was her answer. "Of course I get tired. Old friends from the 'Met.' come to see me and say they don't understand how I can sing this music eight times a week. They remind me of what I well know, that in grand opera there are two or three climaxes. In *Rose-Marie* there are eight. The legend that I am tireless is as true as other legends. Sometimes I come to the theatre feeling like the *Titanic*. I am 'sunk,' I am limp. Then I hear the first chords of the music and I rise at attention. I am like an old soldier who hears the reveille."

I tried to lead her back to memories of four years at that peak of the singer's ambi-

*Goldberg*

MARY ELLIS

Who, with her compelling performance in *The Dybbuk*, stepped with astonishing artistry from the realm of operetta to that of tragedy

tion, the Metropolitan Opera. Mary Ellis would not be led. A glance was enough, she said. Gatti Casazza is "a dark, silent man who signed contracts and sat out front watching rehearsals." Ordynski, the conductor, had encouraged her. "My greatest moment was when I took a call with Maeterlinck after singing Mytyl in *The Blue Bird*. He beckoned me, led me out before the curtain, and we bowed together. I had an instant, though a lasting, impression of a middle-aged, gentle, more than half-cynical man.

"But I had no wish to continue in grand opera. It is an adulterated art. The singers I watched from the wings were thinking of their singing, not their acting. Grand opera is neither singing nor acting. It is a blend of both, always disappointing in one respect or the other. Most grand-opera singers have few brains.

"Several times I left grand opera for the drama. I was Nerissa in David Belasco's production of *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Belasco concentrated upon Mr. Warfield's performance of Shylock. He paid little attention to me. He let me do as I liked. Playing Nerissa was for me a delightful romp.

"Do you remember the girl in *Merry Wives of Gotham?* I was she. It was an illuminating experience to rehearse under Henry Miller's direction. Once he asked me to rise. I sprang up.

" 'No, no, Miss Ellis,' he said. 'Don't get up as though a pin pricks you.' He teaches his actors to move slowly. He develops in them the sense of breeding and gentleness. He has those qualities and communicates them to others."

Another dart upon the stage, then back. A barblike young woman with direct concentrative eyes. While her maid, a meek mulatto, divested her of the billowy silk and lace of her crinolines, our conversation, too, was stripped to essentials.

"It may amaze you to know—it will a great many—that I feel I am on the lowest rung of the ladder. It may shock my manager. But it is true I want to play Shakespearian rôles. I want to be a great actress.

Out by the stage door, through the typical theatre alley into the street my thought companion was: "Then she will. For greater than her talent, mightier than her promise is the flashing, darting, moving power of her. She may even be ruthless in her use of it. It is the way of the strong."

Her words were a prophecy. When Arthur Hammerstein, her manager, learned of her purpose he was shocked.

" 'Keep on,' he said. 'I will give you a chance in something dramatic. But don't stop at the very height of a Broadway success. At the very height of your own success.'

"From my point of view it is not a height," responded the barblike girl. "I have sung it a year and I want to stop."

Revolt. Though a voice specialist brought up reinforcements. "Miss Ellis will injure her voice if she continues. It is already impaired. The rôle is an exacting one."

"IT is wonderful to be here. *The Dybbuk* is lyric drama. The company supply in earnestness and love of the stage what they lack in experience. Volda is a great director. He is the one who put it on in Europe.

"There are two moments that seem big to me in my part that I don't suppose seem big to the audience. One is the moment when I dance with the beggar. The other is the last moment of the play. They are big, not because of action or situation, but because of the psychological approach. I regard playing the bride as an opportunity for me. Playing here for a week is better for me than six months on Broadway. It is paving the way for the work I want to do.

(*Continued on page* 56)

William Brown (*William Harrigan*) with his two personalities, the two masks which he wears to hide his real self—one the mask of Dion, the other his own

The mask is no newcomer to the theatre, but the use of the mask as employed by Eugene O'Neill in his latest play offers an original contribution to modern drama. The mask in "The Great God Brown" is the protagonist of the play. It is the embodiment of an identity, a distinct personality. This outer face represents an assumed character-reputation which screens from the world the individual who wears it. As the characters themselves develop and change so the mask changes. It resembles not only the naked face of the actor, but bears a likeness to some familiar figure like Pan or Mephisto, as in the case of Dion, one of the principal characters, whose mask shows four different stages of development

*Photos by Bruguière*

Margaret (*Leona Hogarth*) in love with a personality, the mask of lover, Dion (*Robert Keith*), fails to recognize him when he shows his naked face

Margaret with the mask of her dead husband, Dion. The real man she never knew, but his mask, what she thought him to be, is loved by her always

The four principals, Dion (*Robert Keith*), Margaret (*Leona Hogarth*), Brown (*William Harrigan*), Cybel (*Anne Shoemaker*), with one of their masks, which they wear at the Greenwich Village Theatre

## "THE GREAT GOD BROWN" AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE

*Eugene O'Neill restores the old Greek masks in a drama of modern life*

# Sorel—The Beautiful

*Famed Member of the Comédie Française Lives Amid the Splendors of Vanished Glories*

By SADIE HOPE STERNBERG

CÉCILE SOREL, star of classic French drama and sociétaire of the Comédie Française, who is now touring the United States, appearing in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago, is a traditionalist. One senses this as the actress enters her *salon* with left hand loftily extended in welcome. It is the grand manner of the Théâtre Français and in a strikingly beautiful, high-bred woman, extraordinarily effective. One is further convinced when she declares:

"It has ever been my belief that I am a reincarnation. My former existence was during the seventeenth or eighteenth century."

What is there for the visitor to do but to believe it and gaze dreamily at the painting by Flameng, covering almost an entire wall of her *salon,* and muse: "Who was she, really—Longueville, Chevreuse, La Grande Mademoiselle, or, perhaps . . . Du Barry?" The Flameng remains inscrutable. It may be that the actress is the reincarnation of an entire epoch.

Luncheon at Mlle. Sorel's home, in her ancient "hôtel" on the Quai Voltaire, reincarnates, indeed, the splendors of the monarchy—one might almost say the splendors of Pompeii. The center of the dining-room is occupied by the long white marble table from Versailles, partially concealed by a scintillating gauzy cloth-of-gold tissue under which shimmers a satin underspread in deep-toned orange. At times, with the noonday sun flooding through curtains of rich yellow satin, the table seems to shoot sparks of golden fire. Dahlias of orange and yellow and gold stretch long stems across the cloth-of-gold tissue, pressing vivid petals against yellow-cheeked apples, glowing oranges and sun-kissed grapes. Tall orange-colored candles rise from amidst this flaming bed, to which a note of contrast is lent by immense urns of silver. Chairs and floors are covered with skins of yellow panther, and stately mandarin-tinted flowers appear in far-off corners. A mellowing effect is produced by the low-hung chandelier with its myriads of lustres in amethyst and water falls into a near-by marble basin outlined by delicate pink roses. The crowning glory of this sumptuous scene, however, is the Drian painting of Sorel as "Célimène" in the bouffant mandarin velvet costume *de l'époque* and tall full-plumed *casque.*

IT is stipulated in the Sorel contract with the Comédie Française that she is not obliged to wear the costumes provided by the theatre, but may furnish her own—the extravagance of which is universally known and sometimes takes a ludicrous turn. On the other hand, Marie Laconte, also of the Comédie, wears what is supplied by the theatre. Although very rich, she claims she cannot afford the display of Sorel and will not spend the money. In the last act of *The Marriage of Figaro,* Mme. Laconte, just before the marriage, appears in a very short, simple gown of white satin. The countess (Sorel) being obliged to change costumes with the bride, they retire, the little girl to don the gorgeous négligée of the countess and vice versa. Instead of reappearing in the simple white satin gown, however, Sorel emerges in a stunning, stately bouffant wedding-robe, and the little bride comes out, not in the elaborate négligée of the countess but in a nondescript *déshabillé* she has used these past twenty years. The effect of this change is, of course, ludicrous! Sorel maintains, however, that she cannot wear simple clothes—nature has unsuited her for them—and that it is Laconte who must mend her ways.

THE reverse of this extravagance was displayed when, surrounded by a fuchsia-lined silver wrap beside a hand-painted American Beauty satin robe, an apple-green silk next to a cape of rose ostrich and a pale-blue satin touching a yellow taffeta, the actress read a long cablegram ready to be sent to New York and then, upon being admonished that the message could have been expressed in half the length, she spent considerable time in carefully crossing out not only isolated words but entire phrases, earnestly expressed her gratitude for the suggestion. "You are quite right," she said; "it's wicked to waste money. There's no need for that."

This little economy streak occurred in the actress' *chambre coucher,* which holds the famed Du Barry bed. Standing on a dais, the width of this historic couch is quite exceptional; the carved gilded posters and head-piece of dull-blue velvet form a suitable frame for the overspreading cover of black-tailed ermine—a royal bed indeed, that of Louis—*"le bien-aimé."* Silk the shade of crushed rose-petals covers the walls.

Mlle. Sorel considers women's fashions of to-day pretty, practical and harmonious with modern life, but personally does not know what to do with her hands, claiming they require the setting for grand and eloquent gestures *de l'époque.* The apparel of modern man, however, she considers frightful.

In order to retain her supple line, the comédienne practices all of the sports, but especially boxing. One recalls that at Evian this Summer she daily sought the retreat of some little old church where she doffed her frock of gray jersey and slipped into an orange-colored *peignoir,* which was afterwards dropped during the exercise with her boxing instructor.

During the war, when it was practically impossible for the Allied statesmen to communicate with one another without the enemy countries learning of it through the press, it was suggested that the chiefs might meet at luncheon or dinner in some home in Paris where no war strategy could be supposed. The only appropriate place seemed the home of Cécile Sorel, who always held big *salons,* where gathered all the talent and wit of Paris. Here it was that the mighty plans of the World War were discussed and formed. If one of the chiefs had something very important to communicate to an Allied country, he informed Mlle. Sorel that on a certain day he would like to lunch with a certain individual at her home. She telegraphed an invitation to the desired personage. Nobody else was invited but men who could understand that for an hour or two they would remain in another room with their hostess. Needless to say, the two army chiefs had their repast absolutely undisturbed. Since then there is no request Cécile Sorel could make which the French Government would refuse.

Although she still looks remarkably young, Sorel has been a long time before the public. Born in Paris in 1872, she made her début at the Eden Theatre in a revival of *Orphée Aux Enfers.* Then she was seen at the Variétés and at the Vaudeville, later appearing at the Odéon. She acted with Réjane in *Mme. Sans-Gêne* in 1898, taking the part of the Queen of Naples, and in 1901 she made her début at the Théâtre Français as the Marquise d'Auberine in *Les Effrontés.* She became a sociétaire in 1904.

THE comédienne's presence of mind is almost a French proverb since, less than a year ago, in the first act of *The Taming of the Shrew,* as she was loudly and furiously berating the servants while walking away from them backwards, she walked too far and fell from the footlights, an elevation of about eight feet, on to the knees of a man in the audience. Lightly she fell, and as lightly she picked herself up, with bouffant skirts gracefully outspread, made a low sweeping courtesy to the man, walked down the length of the auditorium, bearing herself like a princess, went back on to the stage, and commenced her part from the beginning. The appreciation of her dignity and self-possession was expressed in thunderous applause.

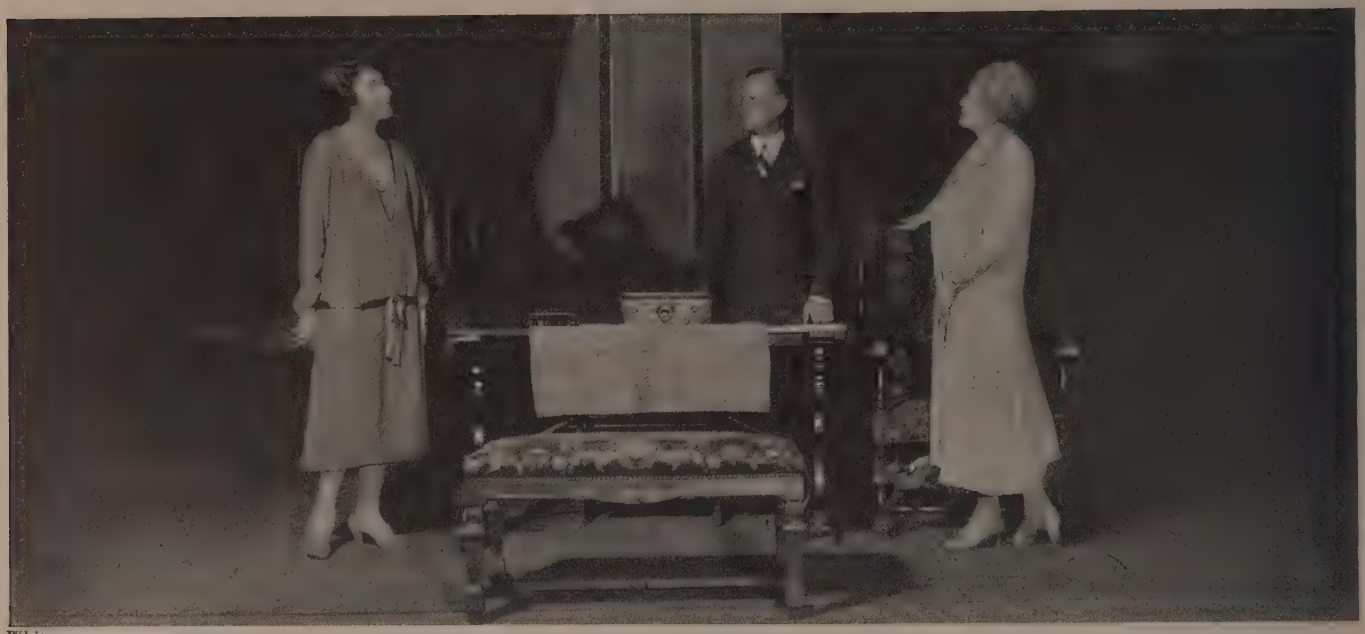
Less self-control was displayed over the famous "Bib" caricature. "Bib," an artist practically unknown, painted her with a nose whose exaggerated length several times outrivaled the nose of Cyrano de Bergerac. It was malicious, but was entered at the Salon as a caricature. Sorel, hearing about it from friends, went to the Salon in a fury, and, armed with her umbrella, she smashed the glass over the painting, exclaiming: *"Mais, je suis belle!"* ("But I am beautiful!"). It was a wholly unanticipated rebound that this made "Bib" famous. He afterwards sold the caricature at auction for the benefit of the poor, receiving an enormous price.

(*Continued on page* 68)

*Photo Abbé, Paris*

## CECILE SOREL AS MADAME DU BARRY

*This favorite Parisian actress, sociétaire of the Théâtre Français, long unrivaled for her beauty among the artists of the French stage, is seen here in "La Maîtresse du Roi," in which she is appearing during her tour of Canada and the United States*



*White*

Act I: Miss Austen (*Anne Sutherland; right*) warns her nephew (*Charles Trowbridge*) of his wife's (*Chrystal Herne*) selfishness and cruelty

# Craig's Wife

## A Drama in Three Acts by George Kelly

*THIS is a profoundly interesting dramatic portrait of the woman who makes a fetich of her home, worshipping the security it offers her to the exclusion of all other normal affections. In the portrayal Mr. Kelly has shown a genius in conception and craftsmanship that places him far ahead of most Americans now writing for the theatre, and also marks a notable advance in his own achievement since "The Torch-Bearers" and "The Show-Off." As the captious and calculating wife, Chrystal Herne has superbly aided the author in creating a living and understandable character, one that seems destined for theatrical immortality. The following condensation is published by permission of the author, the producer, Rosalie Stewart, and Little, Brown and Company, publishers of the play in book form.*

THE CAST

(As produced at the Morosco Theatre)

| | |
|---|---|
| Miss Austen | Anne Sutherland |
| Mrs. Harold | Josephine Williams |
| Mazie | Mary Gildea |
| Mrs. Craig | Chrystal Herne |
| Ethel Landreth | Eleanor Mish |
| Walter Craig | Charles Trowbridge |
| Mrs. Frazier | Josephine Hull |
| Billy Birkmire | Arling Alcine |
| Joseph Catelle | Arthur Shaw |
| Harry | J. A. Curtis |
| Eugene Fredericks | Nelan Jaap |

THE entire action of the play transpires between five-thirty in the evening and nine o'clock the following morning in the living-room in the home of Mr. Walter Craig. This room, like all the other rooms in the house, reflects the very excellent taste and fanatical orderliness of its mistress. It is a kind of frozen grandeur in dark, highly polished wood—strewn with gorgeous, gold-colored rugs and draped in rich brocaded satins. Through the windows at the rear can be seen an expanse of green lawn. The first act opens at about six o'clock of a Friday evening in June.

Mrs. Harold, the housekeeper, and Mazie, the maid, are straightening up the room in preparation for Mrs. Craig's return from Albany that evening. From their conversation it is apparent that they are somewhat harassed by their mistress' mania for order and spotlessness. Mazie has brought in the evening paper, which contains an account of a double tragedy which was discovered early that morning. A Mr. and Mrs. J. Fergus Passmore were found shot to death in the library of their home. The police are working on the identity of a gentleman visitor seen leaving the premises in an automobile shortly after midnight.

This morsel of news is forgotten in the arrival of Mrs. Craig, accompanied by her young niece, Ethel Landreth. Mrs. Craig is a tall, middle-aged woman. She appears to have been dressed for the room she enters in a fashionable fawn-colored suit. She has a slightly patronizing manner and expertly supervises the disposal of her niece's belongings. The latter is nervous and upset. They have been at the bedside of her mother, Mrs. Craig's sister, in Albany, who has had a heart attack.

The doctor has advised that Ethel return to New York and wait for further developments, as her presence excites her mother. The girl is on the verge of tears, particularly regretting the fact that she did not tell her mother she was engaged to a young Professor Fredericks, whom her mother had always liked. It might have consoled her to know that, should anything happen to her, her daughter would be looked after. Mrs. Craig does not seem particularly pleased with the situation and, in advising her niece to take her time about marrying, unconsciously discloses a good deal of her own philosophy.

ETHEL: Well, I certainly shouldn't care to think about marriage at all, Aunt Harriet, unless I were at least in love with the man. (*Mrs. Craig gives a little smile of pained amusement and moves toward Ethel.*)

MRS. CRAIG: That is your age, Ethel darling; we all pass through that. It's the snare of romance—that the later experience of life shows us to be nothing more than the most impractical sentimentality. (*She arranges the piano scarf more precisely.*) Only the majority of women are caught with the spell of it, unfortunately; and then they are obliged to revert right back to the almost primitive dependence and subjection that they've been trying to emancipate themselves from for centuries. (*She straightens a chair by the center-table.*)

ETHEL: Well, you married, Aunt Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG: But not with any romantic illusions, dear. I saw marriage as the only road to independence for me. I know that must sound extremely materialistic to you, but it isn't—really, because it isn't financial independence that I speak of particularly. I knew that would come—as the result of another kind of independence; and that is the independence of

*Florence Vandamm Studio*

## THE CARD GAME IN "ALIAS THE DEACON"

***Berton Churchill as The Deacon, who wears under his sanctimonious garb the soul of a very engaging card sharp, gleefully baits the prizefighter (Al Roberts, right) and his manager (Averell Harris)***

authority—over the man I married. And that doesn't necessarily imply any dishonesty of attitude toward that man either. I have a full appreciation of Mr. Craig—he's a very good man; but he's a husband—a lord and master—my master. And I married to be independent.

ETHEL: Independent of your husband, too?

MRS. CRAIG: Independent of everybody. . . . I mean that I'm simply exacting my share of a bargain. Mr. Craig wanted a wife and a home; and he has them. My share of the bargain was the security and protection that those conditions imply. And I have them. But I must assure their permanence—not be at the mercy of the mood of a man. I must control my husband, and that is not easy, particularly with romantic men—and Mr. Craig is inveterately idealistic.

ETHEL: But supposing he were to find out?

MRS. CRAIG: Find out what?

ETHEL: What you've just been telling me—that you wanted to control him.

MRS. CRAIG: One never comprehends, dear, what is not in one's nature to comprehend. And even if it were possible—it's such an absolutely unprovable thing—a matter of interpretation. . . I presume you're mentally deploring my lack of nobility.

ETHEL: No, I'm not, Aunt Harriet; I don't think anything of the kind.

MRS. CRAIG: Well, what do you think?

ETHEL: Well, frankly, Aunt Harriet, I don't think it's quite honest.

Mrs. Harold appears and Ethel goes up to her room. Mrs. Craig learns that the new cook has left and that the "woman at the agency" wants to find out what's the matter before she sends any more. She is also somewhat disturbed to hear that Mrs. Frazier, the widow from across the street, has presumed to call during her absence and is even then up-stairs visiting with Miss Austen, Mr. Craig's aunt, who lives with them. There were two letters for her and a gentleman called the night before to see Mr. Craig, but the latter had gone out. Mrs. Harold had given him the telephone number Mr. Craig left with her.

MRS. CRAIG: Who was the gentleman? Did you get his name?

MRS. HAROLD: Yes, ma'am; he said his name was Birkmire.

MRS. CRAIG: What number was it Mr. Craig gave you last night, Mrs. Harold, to have Mr. Birkmire call him at?

MRS. HAROLD: Why, it was Levering three, one hundred. I wrote it down on a piece of paper, so I wouldn't forget it.

MRS. CRAIG: All right, Mrs. Harold.

After Mrs. Harold has left, Mrs. Craig crosses to the telephone and takes up the receiver.

MRS. CRAIG (*into phone*): Information? Why, could you give me the address of the telephone number Levering three, one hundred? Oh, don't you? All right, it isn't important—thank you.

She stands thinking for a second. Then the screen door outside bangs and Mr. Craig comes in brisky. He is a medium-sized, intelligent, good-natured-looking man who seems especially glad to see his wife back. He asks about her sister and is pained to learn that she is no better. The conversation turns to Mrs. Frazier, the widow from across the street, and Mrs. Craig appears to be very vexed at the latter's call during her absence. Her inference that Mrs. Frazier has designs on Mr. Craig is all too plain and rather amuses her husband. Finally Mrs. Craig asks whose telephone number Levering three, one hundred is.

CRAIG: Fergus Passmore. Why?

MRS. CRAIG: Nothing, I was just wondering. Mrs. Harold told me you gave her that number last night in case anybody wanted you, and I was wondering where it was.

CRAIG: Fergus Passmore. I was playing cards out there last night. I ran into him yesterday in front of the First National and he asked me to come out there last night.

MRS. CRAIG: What did Billy Birkmire want you for?

CRAIG: Why, Fergus told me to get hold of him, too, and bring him out there; so I did, but he called me up later to tell me that his father had just come in from St. Paul and he wouldn't be able to make it. I wasn't here when he called, so I talked to him from there.

ACT III: "CRAIG'S WIFE"
**Utterly disgusted at the behavior of his wife, Walter Craig leaves his home forever**

Mrs. Craig indulges some further observations anent her husband's card-playing propensities, which she trusts he will not resume, and reminds him that Fergus Passmore has always been very jealous of his wife and that Craig was extremely foolish to accept a situation that might incur his friend's displeasure. Craig tells her that Mrs. Passmore had gone out for the evening and the men were alone. Their talk is here interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Frazier and Miss Austen.

A few moments' exchange of compliments and Mrs. Frazier leaves. Mrs. Craig takes the opportunity of again expressing her pique at the woman's visit, and Auntie Austen resents her attitude. In fact, Auntie Austen makes bold to accuse Mrs. Craig of inventing the whole situation in order to keep her neighbor out of the house indefinitely. The Holy of Holies must not be desecrated—it might disturb the rugs.

MISS AUSTEN: Why not be honest, Harriet? Why particularize on Mrs. Frazier? You don't want anybody here.

MRS. CRAIG: I don't want her.

MISS AUSTEN: You don't want your husband. (*Mrs. Craig starts a little and then stands rigid.*) Only that he's necessary to the upkeep here. But if you could see how that could be managed without him, his position here wouldn't be as secure as the position of—of one of those pillows over there. It's the truth, whether you like to hear it or not. You want your house, Harriet, and that's all you do want. And that's all you'll have, at the finish, unless you change your way. People who live to themselves, Harriet, are generally left to themselves; for other people will not go on being made miserable indefinitely for the sake of your ridiculous idolatry of house-furnishings.

This outburst leads to a very definite break which has evidently been brewing for some time. Mrs. Craig leaves the room in a temper and Auntie Austen informs Craig that she has decided to leave. She also tells him that it is about time he wake up and realize what has been happening in his own home.

MISS AUSTEN: She's left you practically friendless for one thing. This is her house, you know, Walter—it isn't yours—This house is what Harriet married—she didn't marry you. You simply went with the house. She wants it all to herself, so she has set about reducing you to as negligible a factor as possible in the scheme of things here. She's a supremely selfish woman, and with the arrogance of the selfish mind she wants to exclude the whole world—because she cannot impose her narrow little order upon it. And these four walls are the symbol of that selfish exclusion.

Craig is loath to believe what his sister tells him, until she bares several incidents of the past few months which he now sees for the first time in their true light—his wife's slight of Mrs. Littlefield, which may have had something to do with Craig's loss of a directorship in the bank, remarks that his friends are making in public which, of course, never reach his own ears.

MISS AUSTEN: Those are little straws, Walter, but they should show you the way the wind is blowing. Your friends resent being told where they shall sit and how; so they are avoiding the occasion of it—just as I am going to avoid it. But you cannot avoid it, so you must deal with it.

CRAIG: How? How should I deal with it?

MISS AUSTEN: By impressing your wife with the realization that there is a man in the house.

CRAIG: I can't believe it; Harriet could never turn me against my friends.

MISS AUSTEN: Walter, they can make men believe that the mothers that nursed them are their arch-enemies.

This episode is barely concluded when there is a ring at the bell and Birkmire comes in to see Craig. When they are alone he questions Craig anxiously concerning his visit to the Passmores the previous night. The latter is exceedingly perplexed at his friend's manner and asks what the trouble is. Birkmire then informs him that Fergus Passmore and his wife were found dead in the library early that morning.

BIRKMIRE: I happened to see it over a man's shoulder coming down in the elevator in the Land Title Building about four o'clock and I damned near had heart failure. I've been try-

(*Continued on page* 52)

*Photo Irving Chidnoff*

## MARJORIE RAMBEAU

*After touring in "Antonia," this popular leading woman returned to Broadway last month to open the beautiful new Mansfield Theatre with "The Night Duel," the first production of The Playgoers, a new group in the theatre, the object of which is to produce plays in which the subscribers will also be the owners, sharing in the profits of the ventures*

# Theatre Magazine's College Prize Contest

*Undergraduate Competition Shows an Astonishingly Intelligent Understanding of the Theatre Among Young America*

COLLEGE men and women all over the country took part in this interesting competition, which was opened to all undergraduates in our issue of January last. THEATRE MAGAZINE offered money prizes for the best answers in the opinion of the judges to the following three questions:

1. Who is your favorite actress and why?
2. Who is your favorite actor and why?
3. What was your favorite play during 1925 and why?

The contest closed on February 1 last. The basis on which the awards were to be made were these:

*a.* Dramatic judgment displayed.
*b.* Quality of the humorous or serious content of the article.
*c.* Dramatic knowledge displayed.
*d.* Clarity of expression.
*e.* Appearance of the manuscript.

In considering the papers submitted the judges were especially struck with their originality and sincerity. The contestants have evidently expressed their views in their own individual way with a delightful freshness of enthusiasm. The papers also indicate that a knowledge of the theatre is more wide-spread among college undergraduates than the general public would imagine.

In the opinion of the three judges, Arthur Hornblow, Editor of THEATRE MAGAZINE; Mr. Lawton Mackall, editor and author, and Mr. Gilbert Seldes, the well-known critic, the first prize of $50 is awarded to:

MISS CATHERINE LOUISE GROFF, CLASS OF '27, SMITH COLLEGE.

The winning paper follows herewith in full:

### WHAT I THINK OF THE STAGE OF TO-DAY

By CATHERINE LOUISE GROFF

I HAVE always felt that sympathy was due those who tried to answer the Sphinx's questions and failed. Their tragic defeat has been forgotten through the centuries by the glorious fact that Œdipus succeeded. Recently my sympathy and curiosity for those unfortunates have been greatly revived by the unescapable fact that I find myself in their position. I have been asked by a blind superior to essay my hand at solving three questions on the stage of to-day. Being an honest person, I know that it is not for me to give the perfect answers that would gain the prize for my "alma mater's" honor and for what my very blind superior thought unessential—my purse. Being an egotist, I consider that lovers of the drama should be interested in knowing why I feel that I haven't the dramatic knowledge to answer the three questions. Therefore I shall proceed to waste a hundred words or so on it before devoting one hundred words each to the three questions.

My handicap is mainly that of location. I simply do not live where I should to have dramatic knowledge. One must see to judge. My home is not in New York, where the greatest dramatic activity of the present day is centered. (I know that New York has this distinction from an article by Basil Dean in the October number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE and from what I gather from my two professors of drama at college.)

At the first meeting of my class in play production after the Christmas recess, the instructor asked what interesting things the class had seen during their vacation. Some of the class talked eloquently on *Hamlet in Modern Dress, Desire Under the Elms* and *They Knew What They Wanted.* When it came my turn to speak, I said that I had seen but one play—a trivial, amusing comedy called *Is Zat So?* The instructor did not come back with, "OH, is zat so?" but rather with "Where do you live?" I confessed that the city boasting a citizen who thinks he can popularize ugly square dances by ordering his automobile salesmen throughout the country to give such parties is my home. The instructor, after hearing that the girl from the neighboring town of Toledo had only seen *Rose-Marie,* launched satirically into the reasons why nothing but musical comedies and farces go on the road. He blamed it on to the exorbitant salaries demanded by stage-hands.

Be that as it may. (Having been several times a stage-hand, I am inclined to let that profession demand a just return.) It is slightly over a year since I was in New York for three days. Remember this, for now I must face my doom. The Sphinx has asked the first question, "Who is your favorite actress?"

Miss Eva Le Gallienne, who seems my first choice, has impressed me as being a woman of intelligence, understanding and rare artistic sensitiveness. I feel that with her a part would never be a certain number of lines and gestures, but that she would intelligently study her character until she had become that character. Besides her power of effacing self in a part, and her sincere honesty to the part as she sees it, she has the collegiate's essentials of beauty—the beauty of voice, the beauty of fine, strong features and the beauty of a slim, graceful body.

To the Sphinx, asking why Walter Hampden is my favorite actor (and not John Barrymore, whom I have never seen), I say that Hampden has made Shakespeare live for me. His rôles are always thoughtfully studied. His mighty, organlike voice thrills me with its richness. I like his statuesque figure and his deeply chiseled features, stamped with nobility and intellectuality. I would never choose him for a Peer Gynt or a Peter Pan, but for an Othello of physical force or a Hamlet of mental strength, I find Hampden splendid. His acting is always vigorous, intelligent and finished.

Fearing the prime minister of the Sphinx, Mr. Hornblow, will not like my choice of play, I will concede that *What Price Glory* is one of the many pictures of war of which many are more pleasant and noble. But that does not affect the veracity of this picture. Its stark realism is gripping; the characterizations are vivid and poignant. It has the essence of all drama—compression. Every one of its logically developed incidents aid in evoking that grim monster, War. Like all artistic work, it doesn't preach, it only depicts, leaving the audience stimulated to do its own thinking.

There, Sphinx, I have answered as I can. Let defeat come, but I shall not retract. Sincerity is the thing in all art, whether realistic or romantic. As Anselm Feuerbach, the German painter, said, "The true work of art has enough power within itself to make its situations visible and real without unworthy artificial means, which violate all the canons of art."

The paper which won the second prize is printed herewith:

(*Continued on page* 62)

## THE PRIZE WINNERS

**The first prize of $50 is awarded to**
**MISS CATHERINE LOUISE GROFF**
**Class of '27, Smith College**

**The second prize of $30 is awarded to MR. FREDERICK RUSSELL, class of '30, University of Virginia.**

**The third prize of $20 to MR. TOMOICHI MACHIDA, class of '26, Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science.**

**The fourth prize of $10 to MISS GENEVIEVE LAFLECHE, class of '27, New York State College for Teachers.**

**Fifth, sixth and seventh prizes of $5 each to MR. WALTER HUGH LAYNE, class of '28, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana; MISS DOROTHY R. LEAVITT, class of '27, Smith; MR. PHILIP R. MARCUSE, class of '26, University of Michigan.**

**Ten honorary prizes of a year's subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE are awarded to the following:**

**Miss Mercedes Raynor Baker, class of '28, Boston University; Miss Margaret Eckhardt, class of '27, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss May Friedman, class of '28, Barnard College, New York; Mr. Miles M. Kastendieck, class of '27, Yale University; Miss Helen Lewis, class of '28, Radcliffe College; Mr. Ned Rosing, class of '26, New York University; Mr. Roland Patterson Heatly, class of '26, Union College, Schenectady; Miss Marian Brodie Sponsler, class of '29, Simmons College, Boston; Mr. Warren Haas, class of '28, University of Kansas; Miss Elinor L. Hughes, class of '27, Radcliffe College.**

FOWLER AND TAMARA

What is the loss of musical comedy is the gain of Casa Lopez, where these sparkling and sinuous dancers float before the delighted eyes of night-club patrons

PEROT AND TAYLOR

All of New York's very smart young set make frequent pilgrimages to the subterranean room of the Ambassador Hotel to watch the beautiful dancing of this distinguished pair

BETTY AND LARRY STARBUCK

These charming youngsters have become the talk of the town because of their enchanting dancing nightly in the grill-room of the Waldorf-Astoria. Miss Starbuck, sister of the proud Larry, was one of the reasons why the late *Garrick Gaieties* was so gay

*Wide World Studio*

## DANCING IN THE GRILL

***These nimble exponents of ball-room dancing are an excellent epilogue (or prologue, if you will) to an evening's entertainment***

# Why Should the Movies Have All the Fun?

*A Few "Presentations" by Theatrical Producers Ought to Be in Order*

By GILBERT SELDES

THE general impression is that a critic is a disappointed artist—actor, or playwright, or producer. Possibly. Equally possible is the theory that a great deal of our criticism rises out of resentment. In my own case, for example merely, no one has ever asked me how to produce a play; I am in the confidence of one or two producers and artists of the theatre, and one of these two is good enough to discuss his work with me after it has vanished (the interval is sometimes alarmingly brief) from the boards. But has Mr. Belasco, has Mr. Shubert, has Mr. Woods ever called me in to tell him exactly how to produce a show? No. I admit that there wouldn't be the shade of a reason for them to do so, but I am offended. I am resentful. Wherefore I am now going to tell how to produce a play—any play.

Like Mr. Will Rogers, who knows nothing but what he reads in the papers, I know nothing but what I see in the movies. Of course I no longer see movies at the moving-picture palaces. About the only place you can see a movie now is in the projection room at a studio; everywhere else the picture is drowned in the presentation. I see, nowadays, the presentation and I see the crowd; and as I assume theatrical producers still want the crowds, I suggest that they devote themselves to the trick that brings the crowd. The play is not the thing; the presentation is.

A FEW years ago you could manage to see a picture, two or three weeks after its issue, in a neighborhood house where the only "unit" apart from the pictures was the wheezing of a small organ inviting people to get out. But by this time the notion that you can present a moving picture and get people to come to see it has died out even in the small houses. None is poor enough to confess that there isn't an elaborate program attached—to enhance sometimes the attractiveness of the picture; at others, no doubt, to give the unhappy patrons *something* for their money if the picture is bad. The idea of the presentation did not spring up full-blown in the Capitol Theatre garden of Roxy. From the beginning the moving picture had accompaniments: it had music as soon as it outgrew the peep-show stage; it was in early days part of a vaudeville entertainment. It came into its own with tremendous rapidity, and almost as soon as it was established, the superpicture arrived, and this naturally required a little diversion from two hours of watching *one* picture develop its story. At the same time Hugo Riesenfeld's musical interest and the talent of Mark Strand as a film-house manager gave opportunity for orchestral selections between and with the pictures. Within a year or so the present voluptuous entertainments were on their way to reach their height and excess at the Capitol in New York and thence to spread until, as I have complained, even the ten-cent houses "present" their films a little.

Go to a Broadway house, or the Stanley houses in Philadelphia, or those of B. and K. in Chicago and try to find the picture. Unit One on the program is a prelude by the organist; prelude to Unit Two, which is an orchestra more numerous than many symphony organizations in the country. Having heard a potpourri of *I Pagliacci,* you are ready for Unit Three, which is either the Prologue of the same or the Lament; there is a law that no presentation is complete without one of these two, and the law is obeyed to the last sob. Following this you are regaled with Unit Four, the dance of some sylphs or other. Then hastily, and as a concession to debased taste, the news reel is flung on the screen and quickly removed, to make place for the actual feature of the day. This varies with the film. The choice instance in my experience was with *The Sporting Venus,* in which Blanche Sweet played a Scottish lady of high degree and in which Mr. Rothafel distinguished himself nobly. Unit Seven (counting from the preceding) was a selection of Scottish songs, Unit Eight was a selection of Scottish dances, Unit Nine was a selection of Scottish songs, and, interspersed with some of the oldest Scottish jokes (I mean jokes about Scots) and the wildest Irish accents, this continued until the exhaustion point was reached and just as the Campbells were coming to Loch Lomond in search of Annie Laurie to ask her for a sprig of heather (in the braw wintry weather, but it mustn't be too expensive), I was carried out in a mist, and my report of the proceedings must not be taken too literally.

WELL, it pays, and the wonder is that the Theatre Guild and Mr. Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones haven't seen it before. The stubborn way in which people stick to producing plays as plays is absurd. For example, let us arrange a real presentation of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.*

UNIT ONE: Organ Solo, *Brüderschaft*..Von Von
UNIT TWO: Medley from *I Pagliacci,*
Leoncavallo
UNIT THREE: Prologue from *I Paglici,*
Leoncavallo
*I Paliacci* is the most famous opera by Leon Cavallo, who was born and died. Canio, betrayed by Nedda, sings his lament in this famous Prologue or Prologo, as it is called in the original.
UNIT FOUR: Danish National Hymn (Quartette)
UNIT FIVE: Swedish Drill by the entire Corps de Ballet
UNIT SIX: The Copyright Law of the Geneva Convention, including the Scandinavian
UNIT SEVEN: Lecture on Shakespeare, by Brander Matthews
UNIT EIGHT: The Infamount Pictures (Inc)
Present Mary Talmadge in *Drowned for Love,*
Supported by Milton Mix
Scenario by Jeannie Loos
From the Story by Arthur Williams
Captions by William Rogers
Art Director: Augustus St. Gaudens
Director of Photography: John Smith
Director of Acting: John Smith, 2nd
Director of Animals: Alexander Dowie
Special Mechanical Effects by Thompson-Starrett
Settings by William & Wall
Costumes by Young
Original Stage-Play by W. Shakespeare
The entire production under the direction of
Cecil De Griffith

CAN you name a single one of your friends who would not be attracted by a presentation like that? I can.

Or do you think that a modern play would be more difficult? *Abie's Irish Rose,* maybe? Unit One would be the organ solo, playing a medley of *Elie! Elie!* and *The Wearing of the Green.* Unit Two would be the symphony orchestra playing *Yiddle on Your Fiddle* and *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?* Unit Three would be excerpts from *I Pagliacci* and Unit Four the prologue from the same. Unit Five would be a public debate between Henry Ford, for the Jews, and Sid Edward Carson for the Catholic Irish. Unit Six would be a news-reel item:

Cupid's Busiest Season at New York's Marriage License Bureau

New York—Hundreds of brides and grooms take out licenses to wed in New York, breaking all records, says license clerk.

Unit Seven, if there is time, would be the national dances of the two races, including the push-cart glide for comic relief, and Unit Eight would be the play. Unit Nine, after Act Two of the play, or at the end, would be a Grand Guignol thriller and Unit Ten the Funeral March. A good time could, at a pinch, be had by all.

The possibilities of this method are limitless and I cannot give the detailed program for any more plays. But think what could have been done with *Desire Under the Elms* and what will be done—if it ever is allowed on the screen—with *What Price Glory?* The musical program for *Liliom* and *Outward Bound* would certainly include *A Little Bit of Heaven,* sung by Anna Fitziu. In the presentation of *The Wild Duck* we could have a small lecture on Birds and Game of Our Great West, a reading of Yeats' *Wild Swans* at Coole, and, after the play, one act of *The Goose Hangs High.* In keeping with the accuracy usually evinced by the arrangers of presentations, the prologue to *The Firebrand* would be a lecture, with lantern slides, on the work of Michel Angelo. The next revival of *Shore Acres* will be something worth seeing. After a quartette, dressed in oilskins, singing *Pull for the Shore, Sailor,* Mr. William Jennings Bryan will appear in person and auction off seaside lots at Miami, one acre to the lot. Post-card reproductions of *The Plowman* will be distributed to the audience. For *Jim the Penman* the audience would be asked to contribute specimens of their handwriting, and

(*Continued on page* 56)

*Photo Ishiro E. Hori*

## SESSUE HAYAKAWA IN "THE LOVE CITY"

*This popular film star from the Far East transfers his oriental inscrutability and sinister activities from the lots of Hollywood to the New York stage*

# M · U · S · I · C

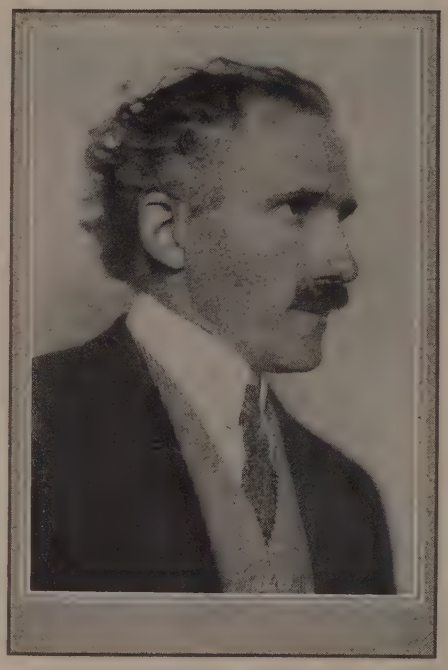
*Mr. Toscanini and Three Young Singers Cause Excitement in the World of Music*

By GRENVILLE VERNON

A MUSIC lover present at one of the concerts of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra recently directed by Arturo Toscanini was heard to remark that since the death of Arthur Nikisch there had been no conductor fit to be mentioned in the same breath with the fiery little Italian whose appearances were the real events of the music season. Perhaps this music lover allowed his enthusiasm to outrun his discretion. There is Leopold Stokowski, there are also Karl Muck, and Willem Mengelberg, and Serge Koussevitski, and Klemperer, and Fuertwangler. In fact, if our composers were the equal of our conductors, we would be fortunate indeed. And yet none of them quite reach the stature of Toscanini, whose genius shines as supreme in Beethoven as in Mozart, in Wagner as in Verdi. In this little wiry, black-haired, beetle-browed Latin superb passion is controlled by a musical intellect without a peer, and at his service are taste, polish, and a clarity of judgment which never wavers. Never satisfied with anything less than perfection, he is yet never the pedant. He rules his musicians with an iron hand, and yet they would rather serve under his baton than that of any other conductor in existence. Yet this true king of music comes to us now for only a beggarly dozen concerts a season!

The coming of Mr. Toscanini, even for these few concerts, has injected new life into the Philharmonic Orchestra, and during his stay the musicians played as if inspired. In fact, they were. The old orchestra sounded like the Boston Symphony of the days before the war, and played with a passion which even that famous organization rarely showed. Mr. Toscanini once more brought excitement into music in New York, and without excitement no art really lives. Mr. Toscanini is coming back next season for another dozen concerts with the same organization. He is said to receive for these two thousand dollars each. He is worth every penny of it. Mr. Toscanini will then be next season in New York again. It is up to the Metropolitan Opera Company to make it possible for him to give at least half a dozen performances of opera.

SINCE Mr. Toscanini's departure the Wagnerian music dramas have languished. Artur Bodansky, into whose hands they have been committed, is an admirable musician, but Wagner is not his strongest point. He lacks the imagination, the passion. He never offends, but he rarely thrills. And a performance of *Tristan* or *Götterdämmerung* with thrills left out is like a *Hamlet* without the Dane. The Metropolitan is to have a new opera house; it might be even more interesting for it to have a new opera, and particularly a new Wagnerian opera, and Mr. Toscanini is the man to give it one. Of course he would demand rehearsals, and of course rehearsals cost money. Mr. Toscanini will also cost money—but so does Mme. Galli-Curci, whose ideas of correct pitch are yearly growing more lamentable, and who no longer sings in any way like a successor



ARTURO TOSCANINI

Whose appearance as guest conductor with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra has marked him as supreme in symphonic music as he has always been in the world of opera

to Sembrich or Melba. In fact, if the worst comes to the worst, it might not be a bad idea to substitute Mme. Galli-Curci's performances with Mr. Toscanini's. The two artists might very well be obtained for the same price, and Mr. Toscanini would sell out the house as completely as does the soprano. So at least the Metropolitan would make no monetary sacrifice and would only substitute a *Tristan* or a *Götterdämmerung* for a *Lucia* or a *Rigoletto!* There are those who could bear this substitution patiently!

If Mr. Toscanini injected excitement into the concert world, a nineteen-year-old girl caused a riot in the world of opera—at least on the night of her début at the Metropolitan, when thousands of ticket seekers besieged the doors and the police reserves had to be called out. The nineteen-year-old girl was Miss Marion Talley of Kansas City, who three years ago was heard by Mr. Gatti-Casazza and sent abroad to study, and who now has returned to make a bid for the coloratura crown. Miss Talley made her first appearance as Gilda in *Rigoletto* and won twenty curtain calls, which, seeing that all of Kansas City which could purchase a ticket to New York was there, wasn't surprising. In the West, however it may be with prophets, prima donnas are not without honor in their home town. And let it be stated at once that, contrary to the expectations of the more sophisticated East, Miss Talley made good.

MARION TALLEY is only nineteen—really only nineteen—and she is as yet no Melba or Sembrich—but she has the makings of one. Her voice is a lovely one, even, flexible, well placed. Moreover, she is evidently musical, has a flair for the stage and possesses none of the exaggerations of style which even young singers are prone to. Her personality is winning, and she has unusual poise of manner. So far so good. But she has yet much to learn. Her breath support was often inadequate, some of her tones were pinched, and often because of faulty emission, her voice lacked volume. That these are all natural faults, considering her age and lack of experience, does not free her from the necessity of correcting them. The material is there and the will—the rest lies with her innate intelligence. If that intelligence does not fail, Marion Talley ought to write her name high on the page of coloratura sopranos. We shall see what we shall see.

On the afternoon of Miss Talley's début another singer was also making his appearance, a singer whose arrival may well prove of greater importance to the Metropolitan, at least in the immediate future. Coloraturas, as someone has said, are luxuries, while an adequate German tenor is a necessity. At the Metropolitan neither Mr. Taucher nor Mr. Laubenthal fill the bill. Their vicious method of singing destroys all beauty of tone, and their acting is unbelievably stodgy. Therefore the arrival of Lauritz Melchior has been looked forward to with hope, even with enthusiasm, for good things have been said about him in Germany. Unfortunately Germany is the country where the tenor voice is at its lowest estate, and thus news in this department from beyond the Rhine is always to be taken with reservations. Mr. Melchior made his New York début in *Tannhäuser,* and let it be stated at once that this time the news from beyond the Rhine seemed justified. He is certainly an improvement on both Mr. Taucher and Mr. Laubenthal. That he is entirely satisfying in Wagnerian rôles is, however, yet to be determined. He began badly, gargling his tones in true Germanic fashion, despite the fact that he is not a German but a Dane. "Just another German tenor" was whispered sadly through the lobbies after the first act. The following act, however, went better, and in the final Narrative the young tenor's tones rang out free and unimpeded. If Mr. Melchior can sing in the future as he did then his success is assured, and vocally at least the Wagnerian heroes will

(*Continued on page* 70)

© Mishkin

MARIA MUELLER

Her voice and personality are two of the reasons for the successful revival of *The Bartered Bride*

© Mishkin

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Whose success as Neri in *Le Cena Della Beffe* almost equaled his last year's Ford in *Falstaff*

© Mishkin

MARY LEWIS

From the front row of *The Follies* to the Metropolitan Opera House as Mimi has taken this girl but two years

© Mishkin

MICHAEL BOHNEN

The spirit of evil is incarnate in his enactment of Mephistopheles in Gounod's *Faust*

© Mishkin

QUEENA MARIO

Shakespeare's sweet Anne Page comes to life in the person of this charming American girl

© Mishkin

CLARENCE WHITEHILL

His Golaud in *Pelléas et Mélisande* is one of the supreme operatic impersonations of our time

## YOUTH JOINS EXPERIENCE AT THE METROPOLITAN

*Six notable character portraits in the musical season's opera gallery*

*White*

HENRY FISK CARLETON

Author of *Up the Line*, the prize play of Professor Baker's last class at Harvard, which Richard Herndon produced last month, thereby giving New Yorkers an opportunity to watch the evolution of an itinerant harvester's soul

REMO BUFANO

Noted creator of marionettes, who designed, directed and manipulated the entire stage production of De Falla's puppet opera, *El Retablo*, is now testing the possibility of a permanent marionette theatre by giving Saturday matinées at the Theatre Studio

*Jessie Tarbox Beals*

DORIS KEANE—AN INTIMATE SNAPSHOT

Spotlight or no, this favorite star has an eye for the picturesque in costume, and even at home she disdains the trite colors and conventional attire of a prosaic, every-day world

HENRY JEWETT

Whose years of effort and splendid work with his stock company have resulted in the founding of the Repertory Theatre of Boston, of which this idealist is the director

FRANZ WERFEL

Leading figure among the younger German dramatists, author of *The Goat Song*, recently produced by the Theatre Guild, who have also secured his latest play, *Jaurez and Maximilian*, recently produced by Max Reinhardt

## THE PASSING SHOW

*Personalities who add interest and meaning to the world of the theatre*

# R · A · D · I · O

*The Atwater Kent Artists. Fine Austral-Hansen Program. First National "Speakies"*

By CHARLOTTE GEER

MONTHS and months ago, when Radio was young, the program builders had to go out in the highways and hedges begging talent to appear before the microphone. Nowadays the great artists of the musical world have accepted Mike as a friendly enemy, and studio directors have to be shown before they will allow a singer without a well-known name to perform before their clientèle of millions.

Since the programs have reached this high artistic level rehearsals have assumed the importance they deserve. In the case of the renowned artists they are long and arduous. Broadcasting does terrible things to the singing voice under the happiest conditions, and every artist wants to cut down his personal risk to the minimum. It's all very well to broadcast a song recital for New York, and Chicago, and Philadelphia, and Boston, where your voice is known and appreciated for what it is. But the people out in Limabean, Ohio, and in Timbertown, Colorado, are going to judge Frances Alda by the way she sounded the first time they heard her over a fifteen-dollar Radio set and a ten-dollar horn. It is rather awful, when you think of that side of it, and the artists can hardly be blamed for their reluctance to submit to such an ordeal.

Such being the unfortunate situation, the Victor and the Atwater Kent artists devote many an hour to the learning of every shade of microphone technic, and in this the station, the orchestra and the artist's own manager lend a willing co-operation. The rehearsal is, in the case of Radio, exactly the same as the performance. But in the actual recital your imagination steps to the front and pictures your audience, while in the rehearsal you know that the broadcasting is only from the studio to the adjoining control booth.

### A REHEARSAL AT WEAF

IT might interest you to know how the Atwater Kent artists prepare for an encounter with Mike, so we shall describe a rehearsal we attended at WEAF. The studio is long and rather narrow, and as you open the door you see that the microphone is at one end, about ten feet from the farther wall. Directly back of Mike stands the artist; in front of her and slightly to the left is the conductor and behind her are grouped the orchestra of eleven pieces.

We walked to the other end of the room and sat down by the bass viol, thinking to be a part of everything and at the same time inconspicuous enough to observe at will.

You remember, of course, the delightful program of Florence Austral and Cecilia Hansen? Miss Austral was singing when we arrived, and during the ensuing hour we had plenty of time to observe how very much there is to learn and unlearn when you woo a microphone instead of a concert-hall audience.

In the first place, Miss Austral's voice is not only very beautiful but very powerful and she had to hold it in. We had imagined that in this case the control room did the modulating, but we were wrong. The singer was told to turn her head away from Mike and sing into the corner at the dramatic passages. In everything except

*Photo Kesslere*

CECILIA HANSEN

**The young Russian violinist, one of the Atwater Kent artists who played over WEAF this Winter**

the middle register the singer had to step back from the microphone, which she did to the imminent peril of the first violin's music stand. Apparently it is very hard to retreat on a high note instead of advancing towards one's audience when favoring them with one's loveliest gift, a beautifully taken high "C."

The blending of orchestra and singer, without too much or too little of the former, was a matter of infinite concern to both the conductor, Bereskowsky, and Miss Austral's manager. Through a narrow glass window we looked into the control booth. There, at the loud speaker, a group of high-tensioned musicians gave a perfect reproduction of a scene back-stage on an opening night of a new show. Every few minutes the door of the control booth would open and spill out two or three perspiring gentlemen, who would trip over the music stands in order to hold a conference with Miss Austral. "It's marvelous, gorgeous," they would say, "but watch out for that high note; don't get too near or it may blast."

"Blasting," said Miss Austral, as she called it a day, "is more terrifying than all the audiences in the world."

We were sorry when the rehearsal was over, for the singer's voice was like liquid gold, and she sang as if breath control and tone production were as natural and easy as the song of a lark. But with the appearance of Cecilia Hansen, the young Russian violinist, we forgot everything else. Miss Hansen is all the things a violinist should be and generally isn't. She is young and modest and her coloring is white and gold and rose color. Creamy golden hair, blue eyes under black lashes, with a skin that defies any adjectives at our command, she would only need to appear on the platform to win her audience. To hide her behind Mike was nothing short of a calamity.

### SPEAKIES ON THE AIR

ALBERT SPALDING had rehearsed from the studio the week before, and, when it was found that Miss Hansen's tone and technic were quite similar, the rehearsal consisted of only two numbers. Mike, it appears, takes far more kindly to the violin than to the human voice, and if the player is an artist he puts no difficulties in their way. What he does to a faulty technic is too well known to every Radio sufferer to require comment.

"I love to play on Radio," said Miss Hansen. "But, oh, it is a hundred times more difficult than playing before an audience." That, you see, was because poor Mike was blind.

A few weeks later we attended a rehearsal of a different sort at WJZ. As you probably know, the First National Pictures are trying the experiment of turning their movies into speakies before they are released to the public. To convert the silent drama of action into the invisible medium of voice transmission might seem to be a fairly complicated procedure. There is a man raised up for every task, and in this case Colonel C. T. Davis and Mr. La Prade have waved the magic wand and turned the movies upside down to make a blind man's holiday.

The procedure, as we understand it, is something like this: The First National hand over the scenario of the photoplay and from it these two gentlemen pick out the theme or motive, the essence of the plot. Out of this or around this they build a brief drama of the emotions, which they write out and proceed to broadcast with a cast picked out by ear.

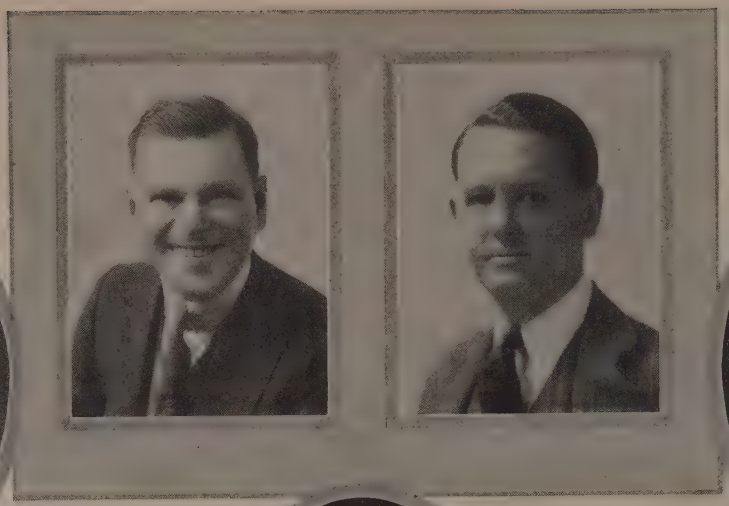
When we reached the studio of WJZ, our inward progress was barred by the egress of about a dozen young women. These were actresses from a regular theatrical agency, who had been tried out for a part in *Irene* and had failed to land. Some of them were so beautiful that they couldn't understand it. None of them seemed favorably disposed towards Mike.

In the studio itself the stage was set for the Radio presentation of *The Far*

(*Continued on page* 70)

CECIL LEAN

To-day one of the most popular of musical comedy stars, who sang in the chorus of *The Burgomaster*



White

DONALD BRIAN

Who was chorus-man with the original *Florodora* company, got his chance toward stardom in *The Merry Widow*

White

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

This popular comedian began his career in the back row of the chorus of *The Brigands*

FRANK MOULAN

Another of the alumni of *The Brigands* chorus who became one of the best-known musical-comedy actors

Kesslere

HASSARD SHORT

To-day a successful producer, this comedian began as one of the "gentlemen of the ensemble" at the Drury Lane, London

Paul Barron

JACK WHITING

Two years ago, this talented young actor was a chorus man in *Orange Blossoms*. Since then he has played principal parts

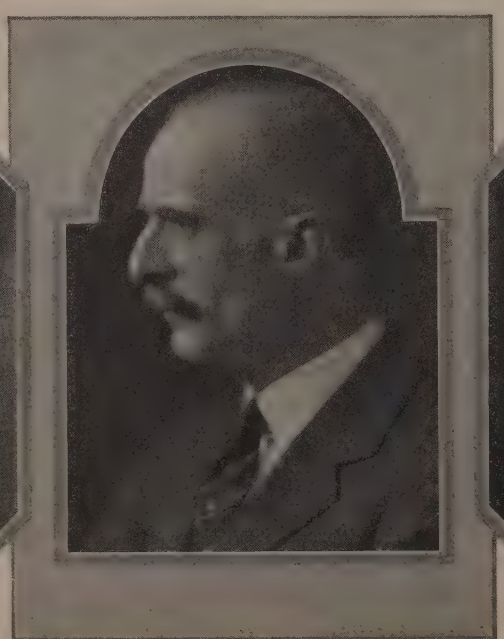
Chas. Snyder

WELLINGTON CROSS

This comedian, now one of the attractions of *No, No, Nanette*, made his stage début in the chorus of *Little Johnny Jones*

RALPH READER

Who got his first job in the chorus of *Innocent Eyes* is now assistant on the dancing staff of Shubert productions



ECHLIN GAYER

Now a well-known character actor and a member of the Council of the Actors' Equity Association, twenty-four years ago appeared in the chorus of *Miss Simplicity*

WALTER HOLMES

Who, in one season progressed from the chorus of *Natja* to a principal rôle in the road company of *The Gingham Girl*

## THEY STARTED IN THE CHORUS

*A few of the men who have climbed from the lowest ranks to the heights of the theatrical profession*

# THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

## THE COMMUNITY ARTS PLAYERS

Scenes from Barrie's *A Kiss for Cinderella* (*left*) and Charles Brooks' spectacular comedy of pirates, *Wappin' Wharf* (*below*), produced by the Community Arts Players of Santa Barbara, under the direction of Colin Campbell Clements

(See story on following page)

Lobero Theatre, Santa Barbara's picturesque Community Playhouse

# The Community Arts Players of Santa Barbara

AMUSEMENT and entertainment of a public struggling to regain its normal habits after an earthquake shock which unhinged the nerve sense of the city was the aim of the Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara at the beginning of its autumn dramatic season. To administer this dramatic tonic and at the same time carry out the policy of the Community Theatre was no small task. Santa Barbara, after the tremors had quieted down, was in no mind for experiments.

Following that horrible morning of June 29, when the city fled to the streets and saw Santa Barbara in ruins, new experiences came tumbling down on the citizenry—experiences which muddled minds, stopped plans, shattered dreams and changed the habits of everyone. It was only natural then that Santa Barbara looked to recreation and entertainment for that familiar something which it could see in none of its other activities.

The bewildered public looked first to the theatre for entertainment, and, in the well-thought-out program of the Community Arts Drama Board, found what it sought —familiar plays done by familiar casts.

In supplying this demand the Community Arts Association was able to carry forward its Community Theatre ideas, for the two dovetailed without friction.

WHILE the public was being amused, the Community Theatre was quickening and broadening the public interest. The public taste was being shaped and advanced. By taking care not to arouse suspicion of being highbrow or superior but, nevertheless, making a bold appeal in a red-blooded, broad-gauged manner, the Community Theatre has been accepted. Its sponsors took cognizance of the psychology of the people and, by giving heed to the legitimate devices of showmanship, have won a following which increases with each new production.

There has been no pandering to unworthy standards. Neither has there been a descent to low levels in order to gain this following. The thoughts and feelings, the aspirations of the rank and file have been considered, and in the art of the theatre there has been made a democratic appeal.

TO avoid dullness, sterile intellectuality; to give the theatregoing public something to quicken and stimulate its thoughts and feelings, a group of well-known plays was selected for the Fall and Spring series of Community Arts productions. The first of these was *Merton of the Movies.* This simple, laughable, very human little play struck a popular chord and brought to the Community Theatre success at the start.

Local pride was enlisted. Local talent was discovered and given an opportunity. Persons who never before had taken part in amateur performances were given rôles in *Merton of the Movies* by the director, Colin Campbell Clements. Mr. Clements believes in the Community Theatre. He contends that the Community Theatre is for the young artist; a place where he can get practical training for future work. Superior qualifications soon can be discovered and encouraged, and the result is that hundreds of Santa Barbara people are "going in for" the stage—if not as training for future work, then as a pleasant diversion from the weariness of reconstruction days. While this good is being accomplished, hundreds of others are finding entertainment in the auditorium of the Lobero Theatre, playing the very necessary and equally diverting rôle of "audience."

*WAPPIN' WHARF,* by Charles S. Brooks, a spectacular, melodramatic comedy of pirates, was shown for the first time on the Pacific Coast as the second of the 1925-26 series of Community Theatre plays. It proved rollicking entertainment and scored another point in favor of the community idea. By this time Santa Barbara had come to realize that it would not be made the object of an experiment at the Lobero Theatre, and this realization has doubled the theatre's following.

For the holiday offering the Community Arts chose *A Kiss for Cinderella,* Sir James M. Barrie's charming, fantastic comedy, and for the first play in the new year *Minick,* by Edna Ferber, was selected. This was the first serious offering of the year by the Community Players.

Following *Minick* will come *School for Scandal,* also to be done by a cast of amateurs, and, in contrast, the succeeding performances will be Lula Vollmer's *Sun Up.*

IN keeping with the desire of the Drama Board that at least one Santa Barbara author may have a play produced by the Community Arts Players, *The Altar of Innocence,* by Samuel Ilsley, director of the association, has been chosen for the April offering. Getting back to that which is familiar to all, *Seven Keys to Baldpate,* George M. Cohan's mystery comedy, will offer a different class of entertainment for May, and the season will be brought to a close in June with a revival of Washington Irving's masterpiece, *Rip Van Winkle.*

The importance of keeping amateur players interested in the Community Theatre, even while they are not taking part in a current production, has been realized by the Drama Board and Mr. Clements. Therefore a Greenroom Club has been organized and its membership limited to those who have played in Community Arts plays. The club functions socially and once or twice a month sponsors more or less impromptu en-

(*Continued on page* 74)

# The Amateur's Greenroom

*Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres*

LACK of space has crowded out "The Amateur's Greenroom" page for some months past, and it makes its appearance once more, with the latest news items from school, college and Little Theatre groups—as many of them as we can manage on one page!

Don't hesitate to send us your programs, an outline of your plans and scenes from your plays; they will be given careful consideration and used whenever possible. One of our "amateur" readers recently wrote us: "We should like to send in something about our work, but we are not sure of the method of procedure." There is no method of procedure. Simply address your letter or your pictures to The Editor, The Amateur Stage Department, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

### SHAKESPEARE AND SHAW AT PASADENA PLAYHOUSE

SHAKESPEARE and Shaw are still among the most appealing dramatists for Little Theatre audiences—at least that has just been demonstrated anew at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where the wild Irishman followed close upon the heels of the great bard and each was received—from the box-office standpoint—much more enthusiastically than more "modern offerings" have been.

*Merry Wives of Windsor,* as done at the Community Playhouse in Pasadena, the middle of January, was quite as beautiful as the production of the same play, which was done outdoors five years previously, by the same group. Many of the actors appeared in both productions, notably Gilmor Brown, director of the Pasadena Players, who is famous for his impersonation of Falstaff. Mrs. A. H. Palmer played Mistress Quickly again, while Mistress Ford was taken by Lillian Rivers and Mistress Page by Madame Vislaire Thatcher; all three being veterans of the professional stage and now residents of Pasadena.

*Major Barbara* followed immediately after *Merry Wives.* Gilmor Brown also appeared in this production, playing Andrew Undershaft, the munitions maker, with Helen Jerome Edy as his daughter, Major Barbara. Maurice Wells, associate director of the Playhouse, won particular praise from the critics on his comedy rôle as Adolphus Cusins, the Greek professor.

### THE RECENT CONFERENCE AT PITTSBURGH

DURING the latter part of November, Pittsburgh was the Mecca for the most representative gathering of men and women of the theatre ever assembled at one time. They came from all points of the compass, at the invitation of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, to attend a Conference on "The Drama in American Universities and Little Theatres."

Over three hundred people responded, and having been privileged to listen to the addresses of men who have accomplished the most noteworthy results in the "amateur" field, can we doubt for a moment that those who attended returned to their respective communities and organizations imbued with fresh ideas and ideals that will ultimately give new impetus and added stimulus to the Drama in the schools, colleges and Little Theatres which they represented.

An address of welcome to the conference was made by President Thomas S. Baker, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and the program for the two days was arranged under three general headings as follows:

#### GENERAL SURVEY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE

"THE American Stage; Reflections of an Amateur"—Otto H. Kahn.

"Broadway and Main Street"—Brock Pemberton.

"The European Stage and the American Stage To-day"—Dr. Rudolf Kimmer.

"The Education and Fundamentals in the Development of an Actor as a Technician"—Richard Boleslavsky.

"Should We Have a Censorship?"—Samuel Harden Church.

#### DRAMATIC TRAINING IN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

"PROBLEMS and Standards"—Prof. George P. Baker, Yale University.

"The Potentialities of a College Dramatic Department"—Thomas Wood Stevens, The Kenneth Sawyer Goodman Memorial Theatre, Chicago.

"The Limitations of a College Dramatic Department"—B. Iden Payne, head of Department of Drama, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

"Theatre Arts in a State University"—E. C. Mabie, Iowa State University.

The discussion was opened by Prof. O. J. Campbell, Department of English, University of Michigan.

#### LITTLE THEATRES AND COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSES

"PROGRESS, Problems and Prospects"—Dr. S. Marion Tucker, director of Play Workshop, Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn; director of the Drama League of New York.

"When Is a Theatre Not a Theatre?"—Kenneth MacGowan, director of the Provincetown Players.

"The Community Theatre as a Literary Leaven"—by Harold Brighouse, English playwright. Read by Prof. Chester M. Wallace.

"Practical Aspects of the Repertory Theatre"—Frederic McConnell, director of the Playhouse, Cleveland.

"Standards Without Standardization"—Harold A. Ehrensperger, Drama League of America.

"The University and the People's Theatre"—Prof. Frederick H. Koch, director of the Carolina Playmakers, University of North Carolina.

The discussion was opened by Mr. J. Howard Reber, of Philadelphia.

Stage Clinic, conducted by Mr. Woodman Thompson, of New York.

All of the scheduled speakers were present with the exception of two. One of the absentees was replaced by Walter Prichard Eaton.

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The series of articles on "Dramatic Training in Our Colleges" will be resumed next month in this department, with an absorbing account of the growth of the Drama at Stanford University, illustrated with scenes from their most successful plays.

Stage of the Garden Terrace Theatre, of Yankton College, Yankton, South Dakota. Here Shakespearian plays are an annual event, and last year, for the first time, the *Alcestiss of Euripides* was presented

*Photos Jessie Tarbox Beals*

*Irene Bordoni's elegant salon, with its delicately tinted Steinway piano, its rare tapestries, rich Savonnerie rug, antique miniatures of Napoleon and graceful Louis XV furniture, reflects the exquisitely Parisian personality of its owner*

The spacious hall, with its magnificent console and its two lovely antique Louis XVI chairs, is a harmonious link between salon and dining-room—an inviting place in which to linger when passing from one room to another

# BORDONI CHEZ ELLE: THE CHARMING HOME OF MR. AND MRS. E. RAY GOETZ IN THE EAST SEVENTIES

The star's dining-room is an unusual combination of simplicity and opulence. The panels on the walls were especially painted to suit Miss Bordoni's taste and are especially beautiful at night in the lights of the superb candelabra

# FASHIONS

## AS INTRODUCED BY THE WOMEN OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN

Lynn Fontanne selected these two delightful evening gowns and accessories from Arnold Constable & Co.

Gown of sheer cream lace, embroidered in gold thread, outlining the dainty floral pattern. Cherniit's lovely fan-pleated scarf of matching lace, with gold lame collar

Picturesque period gown of gold *gros de londre* taffeta. Heavy gold lace forms an unusual pointed Berthe and cape. The full skirt is finished with a net footing, appliquéd to the gold lace, and a lovely corsage of flowers trails from the left hip

*Photos Irvine Chidnoff*

A delightful Philippe Gaston coat of Alice-blue faille silk, lined throughout with white crêpe de Chine. Blue-and-white silk corded embroidery runs down the front on the sleeves and on the motifs on either hip. The wide sleeve is the very newest touch

(*Below*) A very smart afternoon coat of black dragon satin, quilted tan taffeta long roll collar and cuffs. Two bias folds hold the hip line in tightly and give the skirt a decided flare. An Agnes model

*Dinarzade posed for these models, which L. P. Hollander imported from Paris*

This navy crêpe de Chine Doucet model is trimmed with silver leather binding. The unusual feature of this coat is the opposite way to all rules that it fastens at the back of the neck and across front

(*Left*) Jenny designed this heavy dark-brown crêpe de Chine dress and cape of Kasha to match. Beige crêpe de Chine bands are inserted in the skirt and sleeves. The two snug-fitting belts and collar, cuffs and bindings are of shiny dark-brown leather

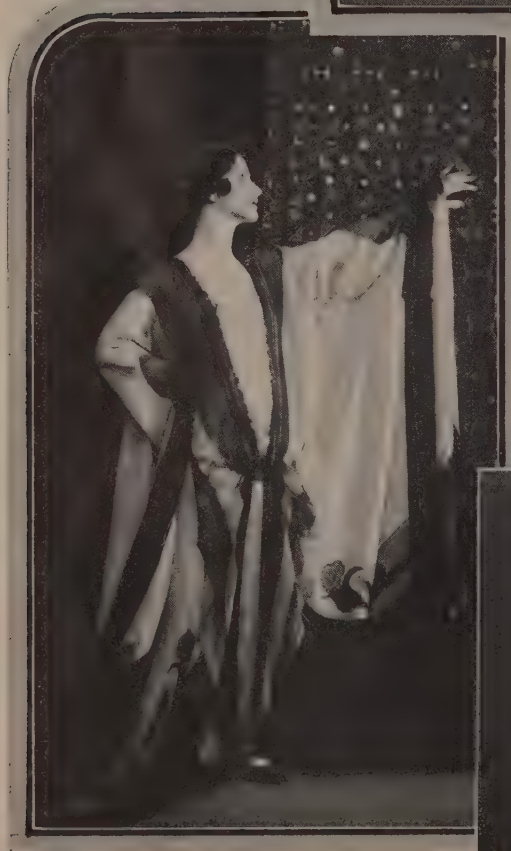
*Photos Muray*

All the fabrics on this page were colored by hand in Samuel Russel's studio of modern art. The models are a part of Mr. Russel's collection exhibited at Lord & Taylor's

*Photos Nicholas Haz*

Samuel Russel was the first to decorate a complete apartment in modern art, at the same time directing a studio where cubist and geometric designs were applied to fabrics by a special process. The fabrics of Mr. Russel's studio were used in costumes in twenty recent Broadway successes, including the sensational "Totem Tom-Tom" number of *Rose-Marie*, the Russian tableau of *The Song of the Flame* and many others

*Posed by Anna Duncan*



A unique lounging suit—black satin trousers and yellow Jap silk coat with Persian motifs. An antique buckle fastens on the side

This unusual afternoon frock by Catherine Sisman is of white, black and grey in a fascinating geometric design. The scarf is made to match

An attractive négligée is this beige-and-flesh voile over apricot charmeuse

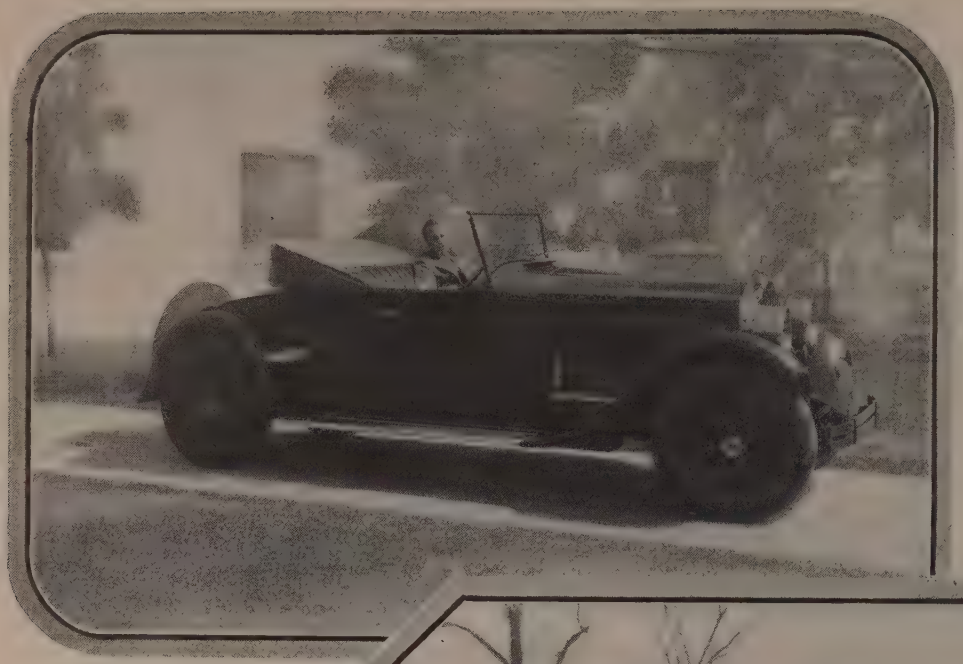
Chartreuse and violet bathing suit and cape to match with jungle motifs. Model by Renée Hubert

*Gowns by Boué Soeurs*

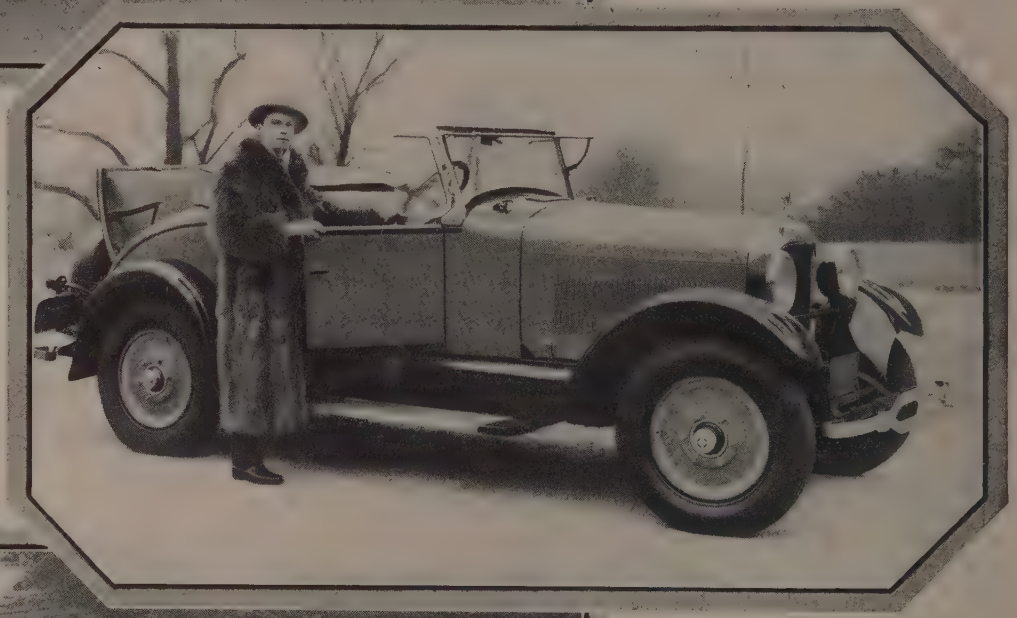
Carmel Meyers in a lovely French négligée of real écru lace, ornamented with festoons of dainty hand-made roses

Dorothy Dawn wearing an evening gown of flesh charmeuse. The ruffles of flesh net give the bouffant silhouette so much in demand for the dance frock this season

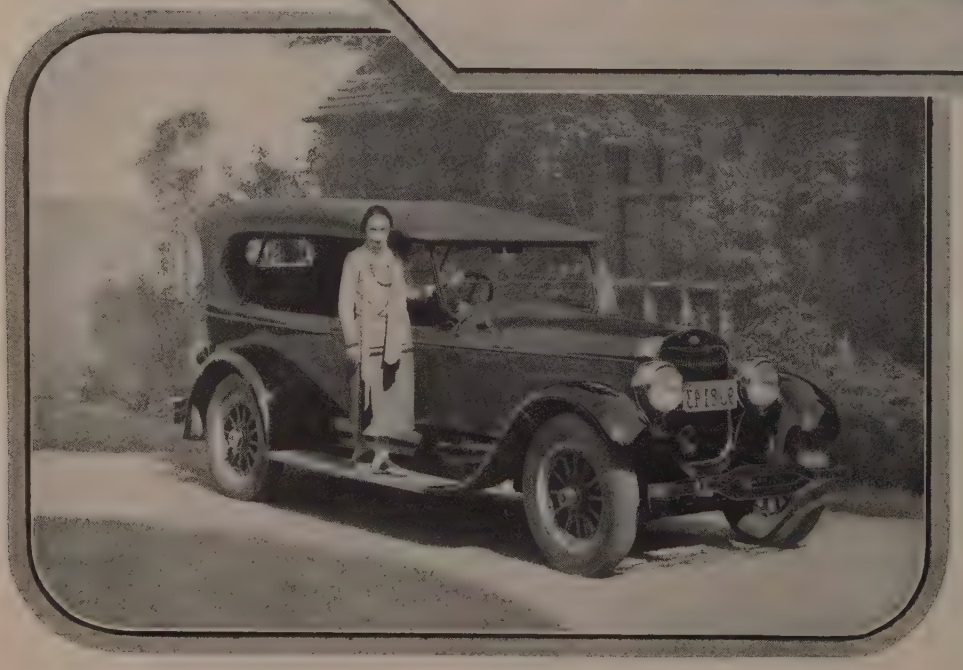
Irene Rich in this exquisite evening gown of silver cloth and transparent silver lace. Watteau neck-line of black Chantilly lace finishing in back with a bow



Justly satisfied with the recent acquisition of this powerful Packard roadster, Carey Wilson, well-known scenario writer of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, stops for the cameraman, from thence to take a jaunt



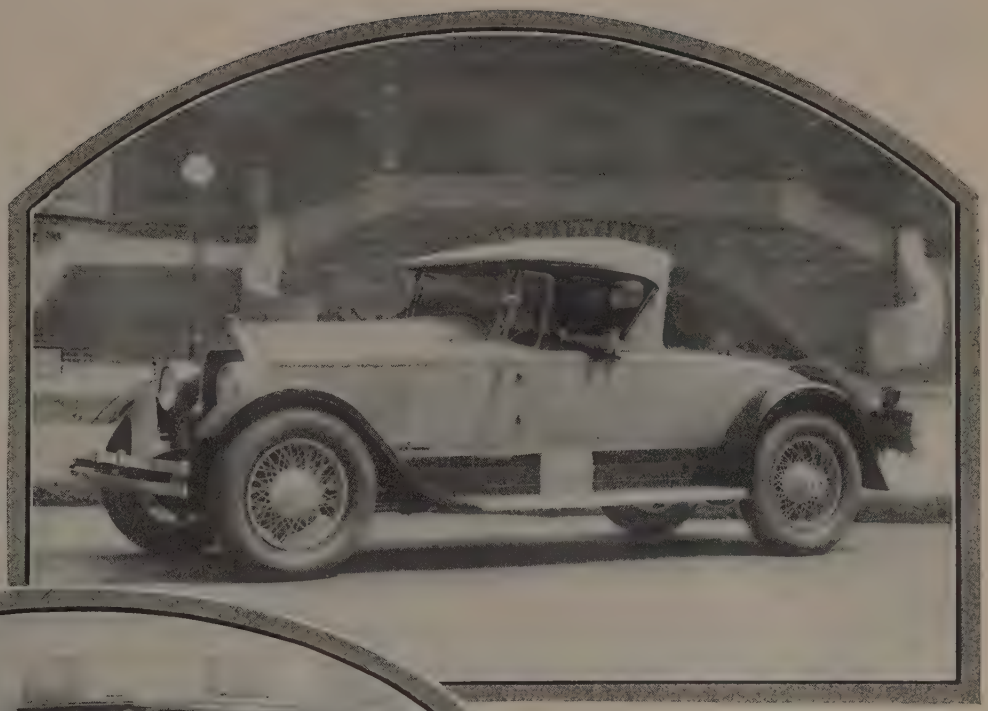
The youthful and inimitable Glenn Hunter, of *Merton of the Movies* fame, had an eye to both comfort and luxury in selecting this fine Studebaker sport roadster in a rich beaver brown, with upholstery to match, regular full-blown tires and special wind deflector. "Big Six Chassis 75," as the new car is called, may be had in any color and to suit the most exacting taste



After numerous concert engagements scattered throughout the world and a strenuous operatic season divided between Chicago and New York, the famous song-bird, Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, takes leisurely rides through the rambling hills of the Catskills in her substantial Lincoln car

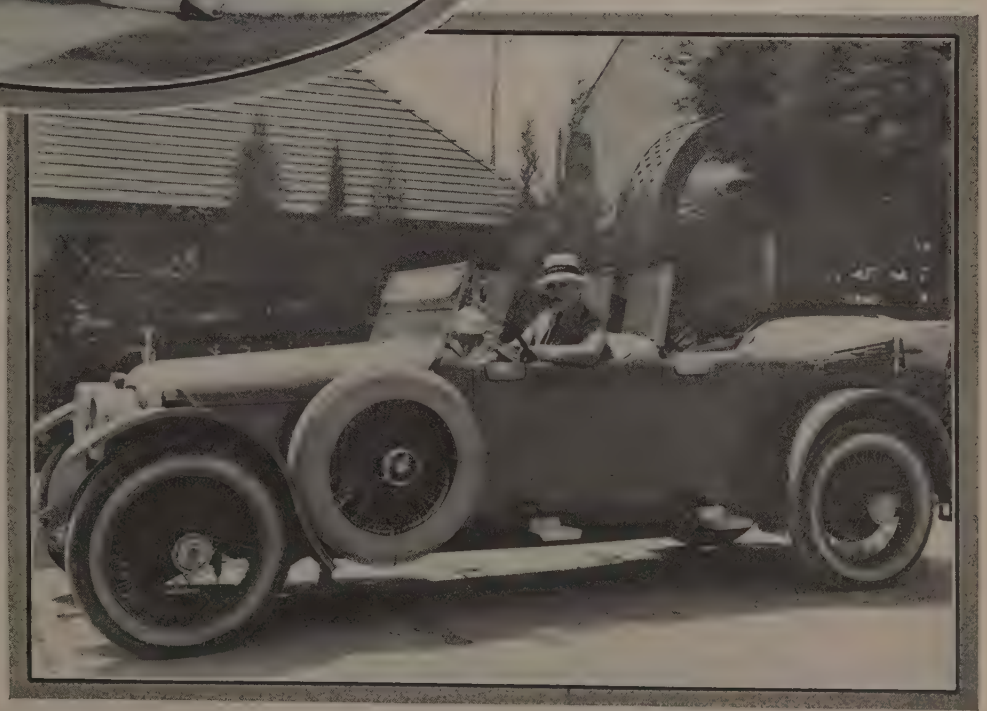
## RESTFUL RECREATION FOR THE ARTIST

*The fast, luxurious automobile takes player and singer into the lovely countryside, far from the madding crowds of Broadway*



The Meritas roadster has a long, slender body, covered with Meritas material, giving it the appearance of a patent-leather finish, and may be supplied in midnight blue, buckskin, brown and black. The disappearing seat, which folds into the rear deck of the roadster, when open, carries two extra passengers comfortably

Though spacious and heavy, this Paige sedan, with its long, clear vision body, rides through hill and vale with the utmost ease because it has a larger rear spring than any other car. Carmel Mevers, a featured player of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, enjoys driving her new automobile, equipped with steering gear and special brakes to make it particularly easy for a woman to manage



Lewis Stone takes a spin in his new Cunningham phaeton model, with its powerful eight-cylinder V-type motor, among the first to insure its passengers against vibrations of any kind, at any speed. It is a luxurious automobile of a stunning color, desert-sand light and dark, with tan upholstery of long grain leather especially planned for it. The hardware, designed and built by the Tiffany studio, adds distinction and smartness

# The Recent Plays

*Alias the Deacon.* Play in three acts by John B. Hymer and Le Roy Clemens. Staged by Priestly Morrison at the Hudson Theatre, Nov. 24, with this cast:

Brick McGoorty, Leo Kennedy; The Deacon, Berton Churchill; Tony, Clyde Veaux; John Adams, Donald Foster; Brakeman, Ben Norden; Phyllis Halliday, Mayo Methot; Mrs. Clark, Frances Underwood; Willie Clark, Jerry Devine; Jim Cunningham, Frank Monroe; Ed King, John F. Morrissey; Mrs. Gregory, Virginia Howell; Luella Gregory, Kaye Barnes; "Slim" Sullivan, Averell Harris; "Bull" Moran, Al Roberts; Mrs. Pike, Viola Morrison; Miss Maxwell, Arline Tucker; Miss Clayton, Betty Rutland; Mrs. Boynton, Anna Bentley; Mrs. Howgert, Marie Loring; Deputy, Ralph Morehouse.

*Goat Song.* By Franz Werfel. Presented by The Theatre Guild. Directed by Jacob Ben-Ami at The Guild Theatre, Jan. 25, with this cast:

Gospodar Stevan Milic, George Gaul; Gospodar Jevrem Vesilic, William Ingersoll; Mirko's Mother, Blanche Yurka; Stanja's Mother, Judith Lowry; Stanja, Lynn Fontanne; Mirko, Dwight Frye; Babka, Helen Westley; A Maid, Lorna McLean; Young Serving Man, Philip Loeb; Physician, Albert Bruning; Messenger, Bela Blau; Starsina, Erskine Sanford; Elder of Krasnokraj, Stanley G. Wood; Elder of Modrygor, Philip Loeb; Elder of Medegya, Anthony André; Clerk, Harold Clurman; The American, Edward Fielding; Teiterlik, Herbert Yost; Reb Feiwel, Edward G. Robinson; Bogoboj, Frank Reicher; Kruna, Zita Johann; Juvan, Alfred Lunt; An Old Man, Anthony André; Innkeeper, Martin Wolfson; Priest, Erskine Sanford; Bashi Bazook, House Baker Jameson; Scavanger, William Ingersoll.

*The Great Gatsby.* Drama by Owen Davis. Produced by W. A. Brady at the Ambassador, Feb. 2, with this cast:

Lieutenant Carson, Ralph Sprague; Mrs. Fay, Margherita Sargent; Daisy Fay, Florence Eldridge; Sally, Virginia Hennings; Jay Gatsby, James Rennie; Tom Buchanan, Elliot Cabot; Nick Carraway, Edward H. Wever; Mrs. Morton, Grace Meyer; Meyer Wolfshiem, Charles Dickson; Ryan, Edward Butler; Wilson, Robert W. Craig; Daisy Buchanan, Florence Eldridge; Tom Buchanan, Elliot Cabot; Jordan Baker, Catherine Willard; Myrtle Wilson, Josephine Evans; Doc Civit, William Clifford; Milt Gay, Porter Hall; Tom Turner, Richard Rawson; Mrs. Gay, Ellen Mason; Catherine Rogers, Carol Goodner; Mrs. Turner, Gladys Feldman; Donovan, Gordon Mullen; Crosby, William Leith.

*The Great God Brown.* Play by Eugene O'Neill. Produced by MacGowan, Jones and O'Neill at the Greenwich Village Theatre, Jan. 23, with this cast:

William A. Brown, William Harrigan; His Father, Milano Tilden; His Mother, Clifford Sellers; Sion Anthony, Robert Keith; His Father, Hugh Kidder; His Mother, Eleanor Wesslehoeft; Margaret, Leona Hogarth; Cybel, Anne Shoemaker; Margaret's Three Sons, Tupper Jones, Paul Jones, Tedy Jones; Two Draughtsmen, Frederick C. Packard, Jr., Starr Jones; Client, Seth Kendall; Three Committeemen, Stanley Barry, Adrian Marsh, John Mahin; Police Captain, Ellsworth Jones.

*Hedda Gabler.* By Henrik Ibsen. Produced by the Actors' Theatre at the Actors' Theatre, Jan. 26, with this cast:

George Tesman, Dudley Digges; Hedda Tesman, Emily Stevens; Aunt Julia, Hilda Helstrom; Mrs. Elvsted, Patricia Collinge; Judge Brack, Frank Conroy; Eilbert Lovborg, Louis Calhern; Berta, Helen Van Hoose.

*Hello, Lola!* Musical version of Booth Tarkington's novel and play, *Seventeen.* Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly, music by William B. Kernell, dances and ensembles staged by Seymour Felix at the Elliott Theatre, Feb. 8, with this cast:

Jane Baxter, Marjorie White; Bridget, Kittye Casey; Mr. Baxter, Ben Hendricks; Mrs. Baxter, Nanette Flack; Willie Baxter, Richard Keene; May Parcher, Cora Stephens; Johnnie Watson, Georgie Stone; Lolo Pratt, Wyn Richmond; Joe Bullitt, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Genesis, Jay C. Flippen; Mr. Parcher, Ben Franklin; George Crooper, Bert Gardner; Miss Boke, Margaret Sullivan; Clematis, By Himself; Flopit, By Herself.

*The Jay Walker.* Comedy by Olga Printzlau. Staged by A. H. Van Buren at the Klaw Theatre, Feb. 8, with this cast:

Mrs. Hilda Bruce, Jennet Adair; John Bruce, Reed Brown, Jr.; Mary, Mary Daniel; Sergeant Jerry O'Day, Curtis Cooksey; Mrs. Phillips, Margaret Bloodgood; Mrs. Smith, Alma Blake; Mrs. Brown, Caroline Newcombe; Fred Kay, Edmund Roberts.

*The Jest.* From the Italian by Sem Bennelli. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, Feb. 4, with this cast:

Giannetto Malespini, Basil Sydney; Neri Chiaramentesi, Alphonz Ethier; Gabriello Chiaramentesi, Millard Vincent; Ginevra, Violet Heming; Tornaquinci, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Fazio, E. J. Ballantine; Calandra, Malcolm Barrett; Nencio, John Knight; Camus, Richard Bengal; Cintia, Maude Durand; Lapo, William Griffith; A Lieutenant, Jacob Kingsberry; The Doctor, Cecil Clovelly; The Executioner, Alexander Frank; Lisabetta, Madeline Delmar; Lucrezia, Martha Mac Graw; Fiametta, Maria Ouspenskaya; A Singer, Pancho Fuentes.

*Little Eyolf.* Drama by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by W. A. Brady, Jr., and D. D. Wiman at the Guild Theatre, Feb. 2, with this cast:

Alfred Allmers, Reginald Owen; Mrs. Rita Allmers, Clare Eames; Eyolf, William Pearce; Mrs. Asta Allmers, Margalo Gillmore; Engineer Borgheim, John Cromwell; The Rat Wife, Helen Menken.

*The Love City.* Drama in three acts by Hans Bachwitz. Staged by Stuart Walker at the Little Theatre, Jan. 25, with this cast:

Chang Lo, Sessue Hayakawa; Tze-Shi, Catherine Dale Owen; Richard Cavendish, Earle Larimore; Fu-Jen, Fay Sing; Wen-Chun, Karolya; Ying-Ying, Dawn Allen; Li-Sao, Eve Casanova.

*Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.* Comedy in American by George Abbott and John V. A. Weaver. Produced by Jed Harris at the Harris Theatre, Feb. 3, with this cast:

Lem Woodruff, Donald Meek; Ma Woodruff, Camilla Crume; Kenyon, Joseph Bell; Jim, Harold Waldrige; Janie Walsh, Katherine Wilson; Billingsley, Donald MacDonald; Mame Walsh, Florence Johns; Miss Streeter, Eda Heineman; Pearl, Frances Lynch; Agnes, Nellie Leach; Sam, Elmer Cornell; Jack, Vincent Mallory; Mrs. McGonigle, Thomas Chalmers; Aiken, G. Albert Smith.

*Lulu Belle.* Play by Edward Sheldon and Charles McArthur. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, Feb. 9, with this cast:

Geranium Monroe, Altomay Jones; Stella La Vergne, Jean Ward; Lovie Bowtelle, Mildred Hall; Mrs. Bowtelle, Elizabeth Williams; Mrs. Monroe, Nellie R. Reynolds; Mrs. Frisbie, Fannie Belle DeKnight; Butch Cooper, John Harrington; Shorty Noyes, Tammany Young; Mabel De Witt, Ollie Burgoyne; Ada May Ramsey, Loraine Hunter; Ruby Lee, Evelyn Preer; Ivy Whiteside, Marguerite Wyatt; Valma Custer, Edna Thomas; Roscoe, W. S. Bell; Lew, James Jackson; Herman, Edward Thompson; Royal Williams, William Taliafero; Mrs. Royal Williams, Edna Thrower; Eugene Frisbie, Smothers Ward; Mt. Vernon Jackson, George Callender; Mrs. Jackson, Mattie V. Wilkes; Elmer Jackson, Oswald Edinborough; George Randall, Henry Hull; Mrs. George Randall, Sybil Bryant; Walter Randall, Thomas Trisvan; Violet Randall, Margaret Petty; Clarence De Voe, Seifert Pile; Lulu Belle, Lenore Ulric; Skeeter, Percival Vivian; Vangie Bowtelle, Goldye M. Stiener; Policeman Healy, Edward Nannery; Uncle Gustus, Lawrence Eddinger; Mrs. Trumbull, Eva Benton; Dr. J. Wilberforce Walker, William St. James; Duke Weaver, Fred Miller; Milton, Barclay Trigg; Williams, Herman Profit; Bunny Delano, Joseph Allenton; Grace Wild, Mildred Wayne; Pussy Harrison, Utoy D'Tyl; Fred Harrison, Sidney Elliot; The Vicomte De Villars, Jean Del Val.

*The Makropoulos Secret.* Adapted by Randal C. Burrell. Produced by Charles Hopkins in association with H. Gantvoort at the Charles Hopkins Theatre, Jan. 21, with this cast:

Emilia Marty, Helen Menken; Albert Gregor, "Bertik," Lester Vail; Jaroslav Prus, Ullrich Haupt; Janek Prus, Donald Duff; Dr. Kolenaty, Harry Davenport; Vitek, William B. Mack; Kristina, Joanna Roos; Hauk-Shendorf, Fritz Williams; Marty's Maid, Erin O'Brien-Moore; Physician, Eric Johns; Property Man, Arthur Steele; Wardrobe-Woman, Grace Halsey Mills.

*The Matinée Girl.* Book and lyrics by McElbert Moore and Bide Dudley, music by Frank Gray. Produced by Ed. Rosenbaum, Jr., at the Forrest Theatre, Feb. 1, with this cast:

The Usherette, Bernie Goe; Bess Gordon, Juliette Day; "Bubbles" Peters, Olga Steck; Jack Sterling, James Hamilton; Phil Taylor, Jack Squire; Boggs, Kevitt Manton; Captain Mack, John Kearney; Archie de Witt, Gus Shy; Lill McCue, Madeline Grey; Ramon Mendez, Rodolf Badeloni; Philander Peters, John Park; Lucy Peters, Helene Herman; Maria Mendez, Rose La Harte; Miss Sear Goe, Bernie Goe; Miss Cantbe Beat, Ruth Farrar; Miss Doer Die, Hester Bailey; Miss Proper Thyme, Dorothy Proudlock; Miss Nora Knowes, Berta Claire Hall; Miss Walker Home, Ruth Penery; Miss Rollser Owne, Dorothy Charles; Lefter Wright, Edith Shaw; Miss Showser Style, Emily Verdi; Miss Sparklin Wine, Edna Hopper; Miss Auter Fall, Jerry Dryden; Miss Maidter Order, Helen Grey

*The Night Duel.* Play by Daniel Rubin and Edgar MacGregor. Presented by The Playgoers at the Mansfield Theatre, Feb. 15, with this cast:

Rhoda, Amy Ongley; Betty Ramsey, Marjorie Rambeau; Jean, Eileen Wilson; Elton, George Baxter; Dave Dannelly, Felix Krembs; Larry Ramsey, John Marston; Mr. Hamlin, Frank Burbeck; Rivers, Freddie J. Ozab.

*Not Herbert.* A comedy in four acts by H. I. Young. Produced by The Playshop at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, Jan. 26, with this cast:

Fletcher, Neil Pratt; Tracy Sutton, Raymond Bramley; Cynthia Alden, Norma Millay; Ruth Webster, Karen Peterson; Herbert Alden, Clarke Silvernail; Bertha Alden, Clara Palmer; Stephen Alden, William Corbett; Fanshaw, A. S. Byron; Polly, Ruth Gates; George, James T. Morey; Mrs. Blaine, Helen Mitchel; Jim, Manuel Alexander.

*One of the Family.* Comedy in three acts by Kenneth Webb. Produced by John Tuerk at the Eltinge, Feb. 8, with the following cast:

George Adams, Raymond Van Sickle; Maggie, Beulah Bondi; Penelope Adams, Leila Frost; Lucy Adams, Georgia Bachus; Miss Priscilla Adams, Louise Closser Hale; Irene Adams, Margaret Landis; Frank Owens, Fleming Ward; Henry Adams, Grant Mitchell; Joyce Smith, Kay Johnson; Martin Burke, Edward Donnelly.

*Port o' London.* Play by George W. Oliver. Produced by W. H. Adams at Daly's Theatre, Feb. 9, with this cast:

Harriet Pook, Alison Skipworth; Erb Pook, Walter Kingsford; Kitty Pook, Betty Linley; Officer, Frank Horton; Alf Tibetts, Alf Helton; Anthony Pook, Basil Rathbone; Captain Smithers, James C. Carroll; Mamie, Joan Lowell; Mrs. Higgins, Alice John; Charlie Fix, Paul Porter; Ling, Daniel Wolf; May, Suzanne Bennett; Teddy Casbourne, Frank Horton; Daisy, Dorothy Fletcher; Bill Wilshire, George Thorpe; First Javanese Sailor, Buda Shriff; Second Javanese Sailor, Abdul Chocen.

*Puppy Love.* Play by Adelaide Matthews and Martha Stanley. Produced by Anne Nichols at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, Jan. 27, with this cast:

Bryon Lockhart, William Hanley; Medora, Maude Eburne; Jean Brent, Vivian Martin; Mrs. Margaret Brent, Spring Byington; Arthur Merk, Stuart Fox; Ivy, Mabel Kroman; Sylvanus Pollard, Charles Abbe; Mrs. Sylvanus Pollard, Leah Winslow; Andy Baxter, Arthur Aylsworth; Charlie Cavendish, Edward Robins.

*The Right Age to Marry.* Comedy in three acts by H. F. Maltby. Staged by Charles Coburn and Jacob Weiser. Produced by Lee Shubert, Feb. 15, at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre with this cast:

Ellen Marbury, Mrs. Coburn; Clara, Lilian Booth; Stephen Bartan, Alexander Kirkland; George Noodle, Charles McNaughton; Bob Ingram, Lowden Adams; Jack Adams, Walter Ringham; Lomas Ramsden, Charles Coburn; Mrs. Carlisle, Hilda Spong; Esther Surry, Margaret Mosier; Major Locke, Charles Esdale; Job Tetley, W. C. Masson.

*The Right to Kill.* A drama in three acts, adapted by Herman Bernstein from the Russian of Leo Urvantzov. Produced by Charles Bryant at the Garrick, Feb. 15, with this cast:

Morse, George Le Guere; Herrick Jameson, Robert Rendle; Dr. Ziegler, Leslie King; Anthony, Jack Quigley; Jimmy Wilde, Bruce de Lette; Gloria Carlton, Anna Zasoek; Julia Storm, Edith Luckett; District Attorney, Robert Conness; Judge Richard Carlton, Clyde Fillmore; Belle, Frances Pitt; Arthur Phillips, Barton Adams; First Charity Worker, Sallie Sanford; Second Charity Worker, Mary Marsh; Waiter, James A. Boshell; Mrs. Eleanor Wainwright, Caroline Parker.

*Song of the Flame.* Romantic opera. Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd; music by Herbert Stothart and George Gershwin. Produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, Dec. 30, with this cast:

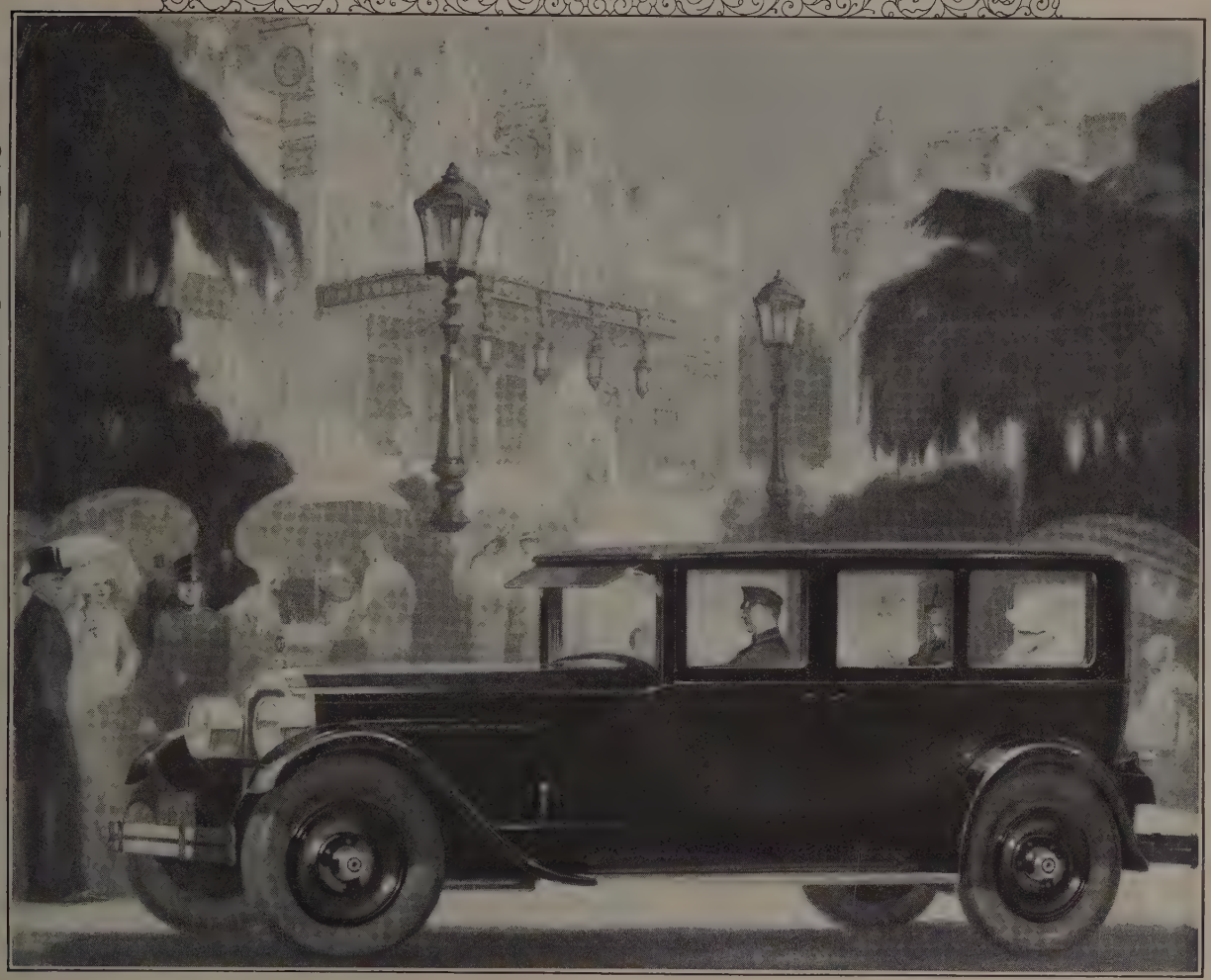
Konstantin, Greek Evans; Aniuta, Tessa Kosta; Grusha, Dorothy Mackaye; Nicholas, Hugh Cameron; Boris, Bernard Gorcey; Nadya, Ula Sharon; Natasha, Phoebe Brune; Volodya, Guy Robertson; A Dancer, Leonard St. Leo; Olga, Blanche Collins; Alexis, Paul Wilson; An Avenger, Louise Dalberg.

*Sweetheart Time.* Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Henry B. Smith, lyrics by Ballard MacDonald and Irving Cæsar, music by Walter Donaldson and Joseph Meyer. Directed by W. Collier at the Imperial Theatre, Jan. 19, with this cast:

Jeffries, Starke Patterson; Nina, Laine Blaire; Marian Stevenson, Irma Marwick; Roy Henderson, Al Sexton; Mrs. Stevenson, Marie Nordstrom; Dr. Ralph Galesby, Jas. S. Barrett; Violet Stevenson, Genevieve Tobin; Lord Hector Raybrook, Fred Leslie; Griggs, Wilmer Bentley; Dion Woodbury, Eddie Buzzell; Detective, Harry Kelly.

*A Weak Woman.* Comedy adapted by Ernest Boyd from the French of Jacques Deval. Produced by H. Baron at the Ritz Theatre, Jan. 26, with this cast:

Extra Waiter, Charles Klouder; Louis, Carl Reed; Mme. Sezeres, Beverly Sitgreaves; Arlette Leterne, Estelle Winwood; Jacqueline Sezeres, Flora Sheffield; Baroness De Claches, Diantha Pattison; A Guest, Richard Bowler; Baron De Claches, Ernest Stallard; Henri Fournier, Frank Morgan; Serge Paveneyge, Ralph Morgan; Spadelli, Edward Keane; Reporter, Frank Henderson; Mme. Neyres, Shirley Gale; A Guest, Louise Bradley; Jean, Franklin Francis; Pacome, Clement O'Loghlen.



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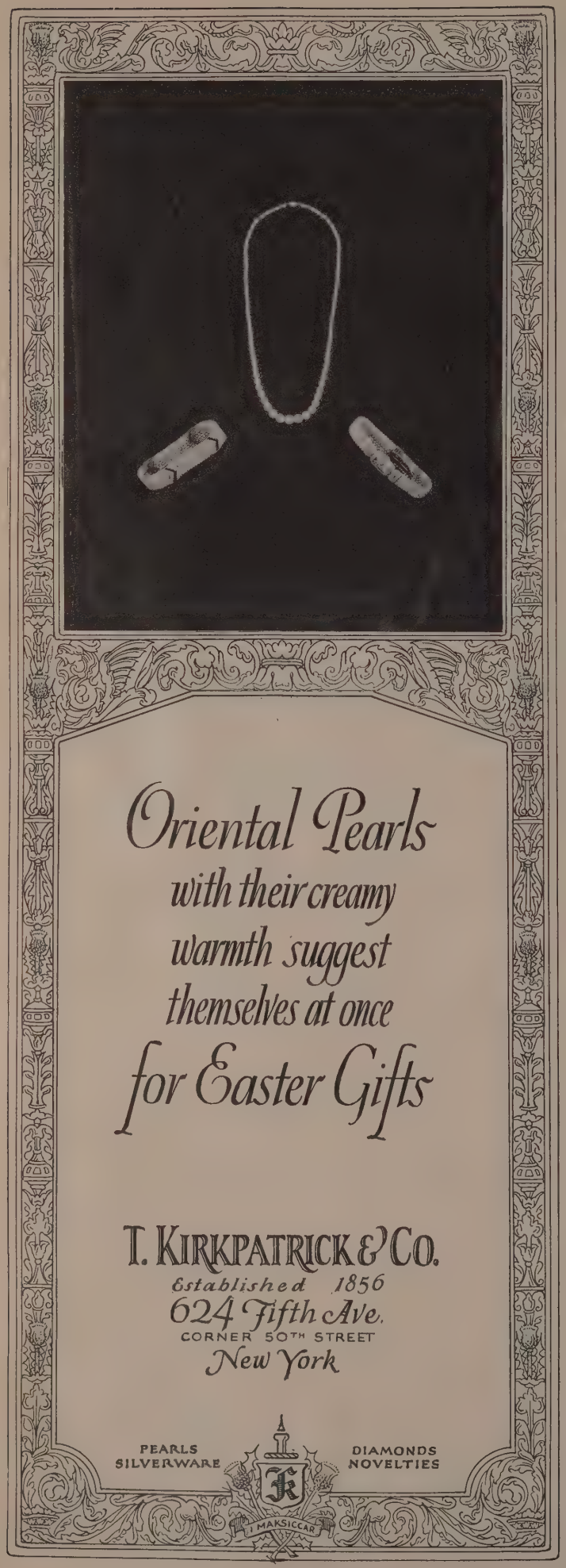


# CRAIG'S WIFE

(*Continued from page* 28)

ing to get you on the phone ever since. And I saw her myself at the Ritz last night at twelve o'clock. I was talking to her. I took the old man over there for a bit of supper after the show, and she was there with that military gent she's been stepping it with lately.

CRAIG: Well, my God! I was out there last night till twelve o'clock.

BIRKMIRE: Evidently this thing happened after you got away. Did she get in before you left there last night?

CRAIG: No, but she was there when I got out there, about nine o'clock. I think I ought to get in touch with Police Headquarters right away, Billy.

BIRKMIRE: They're looking for a man seen leaving the house after midnight. That doesn't mean anything, only I think it 'ud be a good thing to let them know right away. Does your wife know you were out there last night?

CRAIG: I don't know, I guess she does.

BIRKMIRE: If she doesn't happen to see this thing in the paper what she doesn't know won't bother her. But I think the wise move for us is just to hop out there.

The two men leave. After a moment Mrs. Craig comes quickly down the stairs. Clutched in her hands is an evening paper. She calls sharply, "Walter—Walter!" Getting no answer, she crosses to the hall door and summons Mazie, the maid. The latter has not seen Mr. Craig leave, but is dispatched hurriedly to the garage to look for him.

MRS. CRAIG: Tell him I want him right away. (*She turns in the door and leans against the jamb, looking wide-eyed and holding the paper against her bosom.*) Oh, my God!

* * * * * * *

THE second act opens on the same scene a few minutes later. Mazie has returned from the garage, unable to find Mr. Craig. The door-bell rings and two men are announced, who claim to be from Police Headquarters.

CATELLE: We've had a report late this afternoon, Mrs. Craig, from the Lynnebrooke Telephone Exchange, where your light comes in, that there was a call made on your telephone here at five-twenty-seven this evening, asking for the address of the telephone number Levering three, one hundred; and that happens to be the number of the telephone at Mr. Passmore's home.

Mrs. Craig feigns ignorance of the call. The detectives leave and a few moments later Craig comes home. He explains that he went into town.

MRS. CRAIG: I thought probably you'd been arrested or something.

CRAIG: What would I be arrested for?

MRS. CRAIG: Why in connection with this thing, of course. The police are looking for you, you know that, don't you? Two of them just left here.

Craig is puzzled, but assures his wife that the police could have no knowledge of his visit at the Passmores.

CRAIG: Did they say they'd been to any other of Fergus' friends?

MRS. CRAIG: I don't remember.

CRAIG: I think I'll call up Birkmire.

MRS. CRAIG: You're not going to do anything of the kind.

CRAIG: Why not?

MRS. CRAIG: Don't you realize that that telephone is being watched? Haven't you any realization of your position in this?

CRAIG: I evidently haven't the same realization that you have.

MRS. CRAIG: The very first thing the police do in a case of this kind is to watch the telephone calls.

CRAIG: That wouldn't involve my name, would it?

MRS. CRAIG: It would if the operator listened in.

CRAIG: And do you think she has nothing else to do but listen in on calls?

MRS. CRAIG: She listened in on this one, didn't she?

CRAIG: On which one?

MRS. CRAIG: What?

CRAIG: Which call do you say the operator listened in on?

MRS. CRAIG: I don't know which one she listened in on. But someone must have listened in on something or those men wouldn't have come here.

His wife's rather confused logic does not convince Craig, and he starts again to put in a call.

MRS. CRAIG: You must not——

CRAIG: I've got to find out——

MRS. CRAIG: If you speak over that telephone, I'll leave this house.

CRAIG (*slowly*): What do you mean?

MRS. CRAIG: I mean what I said.

CRAIG: Don't you realize what this means to me?

MRS. CRAIG: It isn't for me to determine the degree of your guilt or innocence—I'm not interested.

MRS. CRAIG: I'm interested only in the impression on the popular mind.

CRAIG (*icily*): You mean you'd rather know I was involved in this thing and keep the respect of the community than know I was a victim of circumstances and lose it?

Mrs. Harold comes in and Craig questions her concerning any telephone calls to Passmore's. She denies all knowledge of such, except that she gave the number to Mrs. Craig that afternoon. Craig thanks her and then turns angrily to his wife and accuses her of making the call.

CRAIG: Why didn't you tell the truth? You were playing safe, that was it.

MRS. CRAIG: I knew the necessity of it with you. I knew if I told you I made that call, you'd be on the telephone in five minutes telling the police. . . . I felt in my bones up there in Albany that something would happen the minute my back was turned. I knew you'd be out with your friends again.

CRAIG: What has your back being turned got to do with my visiting my friends?

MRS. CRAIG: You wouldn't have been visiting them if I'd been here.

The heat of the discourse provokes

# *When you and spring are thrilling to the first ball game of the year—and your favorite player drives out a homer—when the stands rise, roaring with cheers*

# —have a Camel!

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# Who's Who in the Theatre

### KATHERINE ALEXANDER

THERE has never been very much doubt about the talents of Katherine Alexander, the young actress who stepped into Lynn Fontanne's rôle in *Arms and the Man* to find the following morning that comparison with an expert and much more experienced comédienne was not, as they say comparisons are—"odious."

As a matter of fact, the critics let forth shafts of compliments.

Miss Alexander is a Southern girl, with an accent of any kind needed in the play—Irish, English or New England. Her first rôle was in *Bab*. Then finding that going to managers' offices for the next job was just too strenuous, she retired for a year. But the fever of the footlights was strong within her and she returned for *Nice People*. Then a Summer in stock followed, where Miss Alexander was able to give rein to her versatility.

She won popularity on Broadway in such rôles as the flapper in *Chains* and the breezy sister in *The Youngest*. As Shirley, the flapper who has the courage to live according to her views in *It All Depends*, Miss Alexander gave an excellent performance. Late last Autumn she gave a stirring picture of the defiant consumptive who lives her short life to the brim in the Actors' Theatre production of *The Call of Life*.

Miss Alexander recently became the wife of William Brady, Jr.

### JOSE RUBEN

JOSE RUBEN, noted for his expert handling of romantic rôles, was born in Belgium, 1886. He accompanied Sarah Bernhardt to the United States in 1911 and made his first appearance on the English-speaking stage that Fall at the Century Theatre as Batouch in *The Garden of Allah*. In 1914 he played August Morillon in *Blanchette* and three years later appeared as Edward Trielle in *Private Account*. In the Spring of the same year he gave a vividly impressive portrayal of Oswald in the Washington Square Players' production of *Ghosts*. A few months later this talented actor played Alfred de Musset in *Madame Sand*. The following year he played in *The Fire System* and *I. O. U.* In 1919 he was seen as Beidan Berivenko in *The Dancer* and the next season as Emilio in *Sacred and Profane Love*.

Later he played Feodor Masimoff in *The Checkerboard* and the Man in *Thy Name Is Woman*. In 1921 he played Cannetto in Sidney Howard's poetic drama, *Swords*, and in 1922 he appeared in *Gringo;* the following year he was seen in *The Exile*. In the Spring of 1924 he played Marcel Armaury in *La Vierge Folle* with Madame Simone and the next month he was one of the distinguished cast in a revival of Leah Kleschna. His most recent rôles have been those of the old Marquis in *Bewitched* and the returned soldier in the Guild production of *Merchants of Glory*.

### ESTELLE WINWOOD

ESTELLE WINWOOD, now appearing in *A Weak Woman*, is one of the most popular of the younger leading women. Although of English birth and schooled in the theatre of that country, the major achievements of this actress have been made on the American stage. Born in the quaint city of Lea, in the picturesque county of Kent, Miss Winwood, in her early teens, was enrolled as a student at Haling College. Completing her studies there, the young lady forthwith entered upon her career.

Especially fortunate in the choice of her management, Miss Winwood had the decided advantage of two years' tutelage in the company of Sir John Hare. Her next engagement in the theatre was equally valuable for the training it gave her, the position she obtained making her a member of Granville Barker's company. Here the rôles assigned her were of greater importance than those she had played during her apprentice days with the Hare organization. The artistic success which marked Miss Winwood's work with Mr. Barker's company caused her to be offered the lead in a repertory company about to be installed at His Majesty's Theatre.

It was upon the completion of her third London engagement that Miss Winwood came to this country. Winthrop Ames, who had seen and appreciated the acting of this young woman in London, engaged her to join the English company he was bringing to New York for his production of *Hush*. Her success on the American stage was immediate. Her second engagement in New York was as the young wife in *A Successful Calamity*, under the direction of Arthur Hopkins.

Other productions in which Miss Winwood has had leading rôles include *Why Marry? A Little Journey, Molière, Too Many Husbands, The Circle, Madame Pierre, Anything Might Happen, Spring Cleaning, The Buccaneer* and *The Taming of the Shrew*.

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further frankness until Craig exclaims in disgust that he at last sees his wife's whole miserable plan of life.

CRAIG: Don't tell me what you've been doing; I see your game as clearly as my aunt sees it. You've been exploiting me, consistently, in your shifty little business of personal safety. And you'd throw me right now to the suspicion of implication in this double murder to preserve that safety.

MRS. CRAIG: I've been trying to preserve my home.

CRAIG: That's all I've heard from you since the day I married you. You've simply married the wrong man, Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG: I married a romantic fool. That's what I married.

CRAIG: How well we understand each other now, Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG: Well, I understand you.

Mrs. Craig thereupon ascends the stairs.

After she has disappeared, Craig crosses to the mantel. His eyes rest on a costly ornament which has been one of his wife's pet displays. Taking it in his hands, he hurls it savagely to the floor.

MRS. CRAIG: Listen—did something fall down there a minute ago?

CRAIG: No.

MRS. CRAIG: Are you sure? It sounded up here as though the house fell down.

CRAIG (*after a slight pause*): Maybe it did, Harriet.

* * * * * * *

THE third act takes place the following morning. Craig has slept all night doubled up in the chair in the living-room. He has gone out onto the porch for a breath of air when Mrs. Craig comes down to find the broken ornament. This desecration at once puts her in a fighting mood, but she temporarily controls her temper when Craig returns with the morning paper. The Passmore murder mystery has been solved. This difficulty being overcome, Mrs. Craig at once reverts to the broken ornament.

CRAIG (*bitterly*): I said I smashed it.

MRS. CRAIG: What did you do, go out of your mind or something?

CRAIG: No, I was particularly clear in my mind, strange to say. You made a remark last night, Harriet, that completely illuminated me and illuminated you.

MRS. CRAIG: What remark?

CRAIG: You said that a woman might lose her husband but not her home, if she knew how to secure it.

MRS. CRAIG: Well, hasn't many a woman lost her husband?

CRAIG: And many a man has lost his life, too, Harriet, because his wife has never made a sufficiently illuminating remark. Last night I saw your entire plan of life, Harriet, and its relationship to me. And my instinct of self-preservation suggested the need of immediate action, so I smashed the little ornament there—as a kind of opening gun. I was going to put my house in order, including my wife. . . . I think you would at least have appreciated the sincerity of my attempt to continue here as your husband.

MRS. CRAIG: What do you mean?

CRAIG: The rôle is not for me.

The full significance of this remark is lost through the interruption of their talk by the appearance of Ethel. She has decided to return to Albany. During their talk the expressman calls for Miss Austen's trunks. Mrs. Harold helps in dispatching them and incidentally discloses the fact that she too has decided to leave.

A cloud of gloom and foreboding seems to have fallen over the house. A visitor arrives in the person of Mr. Fredericks and after some difficult untangling of the threads of discontent that Mrs. Craig had sowed in Ethel's mind, persuades that young lady to go back to Albany with him. Craig comes in as the young couple are leaving.

ETHEL: We're going back on that nine-seventeen, Uncle Walter. Do you know the number of the taxicab company?

CRAIG: You won't need a taxi. I'm going right down past the station.

A moment later and Craig and his wife are face to face.

MRS. CRAIG: You're surely not serious about leaving this house.

CRAIG: Why, I should think that decision would please you very much. It's so practical—

MRS. CRAIG: I'd like to know what's practical about a man walking out and leaving his wife and his home.

CRAIG: I have no wife to leave.

MRS. CRAIG: What have I done that was so terrible? I simply kept you from making a fool of yourself.

CRAIG: But you also showed me how I could keep from making a fool of myself in the future.

MRS. CRAIG: Well, you're certainly not beginning very auspiciously.

CRAIG: But I shall be at least a self-respecting fool, at any rate; and that's something I could never be if I stayed here. . . . You can leave word for me at the Ritz, if you want anything. Good-bye.

He goes out the door. Mrs. Craig moves slowly to the window and watches him drive down the road. The front door bell rings. She turns and answers it. A boy's voice is heard outside: "Telegram for Mrs. Walter Craig." She comes back into the room reads the telegram, looks straight ahead for a second, thinking—and then bursts into tears.

Mrs. Frazier, the widow from across the street, appears on the porch with an armful of roses. She has brought Miss Austen a bouquet of her flowers. Mrs. Frazier inquires about Mrs. Craig's sister and learns that she has died that morning.

MRS. FRAZIER: I'm terribly sorry. I'll run over again.

Mrs. Craig is alone. She stands for a moment holding the roses against her bosom. They crush in her embrace and the petals fall unheeded to the rug at her feet. The silence is unbroken. She stands there—alone, her eyes wide and staring.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

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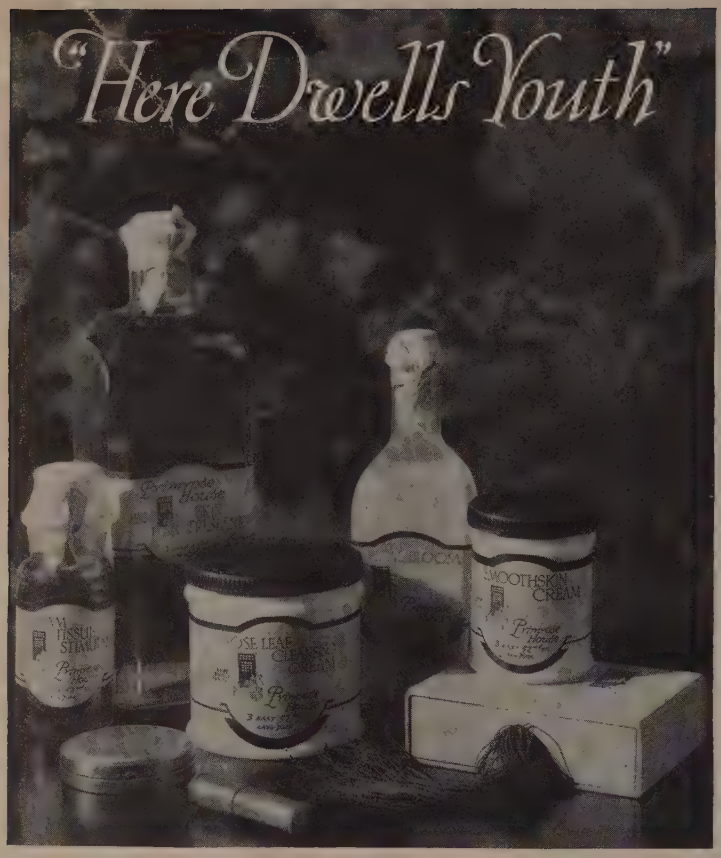


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## MARY ELLIS—A REBEL IN THE THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 22)

You remember that I told you last Summer I wanted to play Shakespeare; I want to play his women. Juliet and Katharine. Not Lady Macbeth. I will restrict myself to rôles for which I am physically capable.

"That is the reason why when people came back to tell me how beautiful the character of Rose-Marie was I was unhappy. I knew I was not giving them what I thought was beauty.

"I want in ten or twelve years to play Shakespearian rôles. I don't want to be drawn from my path. I have no plans beyond this part, but I want to play whatever parts will make me worthier to play Shakespeare. His characters demand infinite study. I let no day pass without reading something from Shakespeare; if only ten minutes. Shakespeare's women are glamourous. They are an escape from an age that has no glamour. The only glamourous women on the stage are Ethel Barrymore and Doris Keane."

The case of rebellious Mary Ellis is punctuated by the fact that she played Leah, the bride, in *The Dybbuk* subtly, forcefully, wholly satisfyingly, after a week's rehearsals. Though it covers but ten sides, it is no small part. She is on the stage but five minutes in the first act. In the second and third she is on it most of the time. The Neighborhood Playhouse company had been rehearsing for twelve weeks. Many actresses tried to play the unhappy Leah. None fulfilled the company's hopes until Miss Ellis took the stage. Much of the time she is apparently doing nothing. But eyes wander from those who are moving and talking to her.

"Is it silent acting?" I asked.

"No."

"Is it pantomime?"

"No. It is my reaction to the character. All acting consists of the three parts." She counted them thoughtfully on her fingers. "There is my reaction to the character. The character's reaction to me. And the audience's reaction to the character.

"I am happy in this part because it satisfies my conception of beauty. I had been unhappy in other rôles. When persons said, 'It is beautiful,' their words hurt me. Because for fifteen years I had had a rendezvous with myself to do something that had beauty."

"According to Ellen Terry's advice to her niece, 'Put something of beauty into everything you do'?"

"I agree with her."

## WHY SHOULD THE MOVIES HAVE ALL THE FUN?

(*Continued from page* 32)

Lionel Barrymore, the star, would undertake to copy everyone blindfolded.

I don't know what the police would permit, but for myself I could think up many cute ideas for presenting *Ladies of the Evening, The Good Bad Woman, Damaged Goods* and the like. I think that, following the movies, vaudeville and burlesque shows should give us a little heavy stuff in their presentations, the monotony of being entertained is so great. Mr. Edward Sheldon can well regret that his *Salvation Nell* was produced before my ideas became popular; for there was material, indeed. For his *The Nigger* we could always use phonograph records of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," by the Fisk Jubilee Singers. And the Theatre Guild bolster up *Cæsar and Cleopatra* by discovering and using some hot music originally intended for Shakespeare's play of the same name. The movies are successful because they are presented in an interesting manner; and after the stage adopts the procedure we can hope that the pulpit and the school, the debating society and the ladies' clubs will follow. It will make life more entertaining; and as you will never know what you are going to see, and never see what you are going to see, your time and money will be well spent.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### NO USE FOR DIRTY PLAYS

Editor, THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In reading numerous editorials and criticisms in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, I have been impressed again and again by the consistent stand you take toward sincere dramatic criticism and against the salacious, prurient plays so banefully common in our country. I wish to express my admiration for your uncompromising attitude and sound judgment. It has kept me an interested reader of your contributions to THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Yours truly,

FRED L. FEHLING.

Wortburg College, Clinton, Iowa, Jan. 30, '26.

### CAN'T GO TO THEATRE; READS MAGAZINE

Editor, THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I am one of the constant readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE, and not being able to afford the constant expense of seeing various shows, I take great pleasure in telling you how I appreciate and enjoy reading your publication. It is absolutely indispensable to all theatregoers. Hoping it will keep up its present high standard.

Respectfully yours,

MARIE A. LEWIS.

500 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, Feb. 1, 1926.

# Khaki-Kool

Vivian Martin, Star of "Puppy Love", in a sports dress of Khaki-Kool. Courtesy Saks Fifth Avenue.

Claiborne Foster, Star of "The Patsy", wearing an out-drawing jumper dress of Khaki-Kool Brocade. Designed by William Bloom.

## *Khaki-Kool To The Fore!*

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# IRELAND GIVES A NEW PLAYWRIGHT TO THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 9*)

The two longer plays are tragedies of disillusionment; they were played and accepted as comedies of errors. The two shorter, one-act, plays are beneath serious consideration; they are at best but expanded anecdotes. *Juno and the Paycock* is modern tragedy at its best, almost at its greatest. *The Shadow of a Gunman* is that shadow of tragedy called melodrama. Tragedy presents a solemn view of life with depth, with feeling, so that the action clearly depicts the concern of all humanity. There may be sorrow, sin, death, blood, tears and suffering, but if the imagination be not led upwards and onwards from the individual to the universal, the play containing them is but superficial and melodramatic. Because of its superficiality, because of its close resemblance to a weekly newspaper in the Ireland of 1921, *The Shadow of a Gunman* is merely melodrama and must inevitably lose its significance quickly.

*Juno and the Paycock* has its superficial qualities verging upon the melodramatic, but it is lifted and ennobled by the character of Juno. Juno is the great, the universal mother, as great as the greatest mother in drama, even though her sphere of influence be limited to two rooms in a tenement house in a Dublin slum. The tragic significance of Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts* is small when compared with the tragic significance of Juno. Her son dead "for his country"; her daughter betrayed by a worthless liar and deserted by a coward; her husband a boasting, drunken, lying wastral, she rises superior to her slum surroundings and prepares to begin her life struggle anew.

### PLAYS WITHOUT PLOTS

O'CASEY'S plots are difficult to summarize; in a sense it may be said that his plays have no plots, and critics who think that a plot and a play are synonymous would rule him out of the list of dramatists in company with Schnitzler, Tchechov and O'Neill. His plays depend for their significance upon personalities rather than upon plots, upon character, not upon story; upon Davoren, Shields, Maguire and Minnie Powell in *The Shadow of a Gunman,* and upon "Joxer" Daly, "Captain" Boyle and Juno in *Juno and the Paycock.* All the other persons play minor, if sometimes important, parts. Story there is none; they are "slices of life" in the strictest and most literal sense of that ill-used term. But a story must be made if the plays are to be summarized in a form that will be intelligible to anyone who has not seen or read them.

In *Juno* "Captain" Jack Boyle, the "Paycock"; his wife Juno, with Johnny and Mary, their two children, live in a two-roomed "flat" in a Dublin tenement house. Jack Boyle is a public-house lounger who got his title of "Captain" by being "only wanst on the wather in an oul' collier from here to Liverpool." His other title, the "Paycock," was bestowed upon him by his wife because she thought he was about as useful and as vain as the peacock. Juno herself is nicknamed because everything of importance in her life happened in June. Juno and her daughter work while the "Paycock" struts the floor or lounges in public houses. Mary is presently on strike against the victimization of a fellow worker. Johnny is an invalid, who "was only a chiselur of a Boy Scout in Easter Week, when he got hit in the hip; and his arm was blew off in the fight in O'Connell Street." "Joxer" Daly is the "butty" or drinking companion of Jack Boyle. He is a typical Dublin wastrel of the worst type, lazy, deceitful, hypocritical and engaging withal, but detested by Juno. Mary Boyle is being courted by Jerry Devine, who has dreams of becoming a leader of labor and a champion of democratic freedom, but she throws him over in favor of Charlie Bentham, a school-teacher now studying law.

### CELEBRATING THE LEGACY

INTO the Boyle household comes Bentham with a story of a legacy which has been left to Jack Boyle, and upon the prospect of it the Boyles buy new furniture and give a party to their neighbors to celebrate their good fortune. The festivities are interrupted by the funeral of the son of another resident of the house, whose body had been found on the roadside "beyant Finglas, riddled with bullets." The entire party goes out to view the procession. Only Johnny, the crippled boy, remains; and to him is brought a message "to attend a Battalion Staff meetin' the night afther to-morrow." Johnny, nervously passionate, refuses to take any note of the message. "I done enough for Ireland," he says. To which the messenger retorts: "Boyle, no man can do enough for Ireland." Soon rumor begins to cast doubts upon the Boyle legacy. Bentham has gone to England, the tailor takes away the "Captain's" new clothes, the furniture dealers take away the furniture, and their neighbor, Mrs. Madigan, takes the gramophone in lieu of her unpaid loan. Juno takes Mary to a doctor; the verdict makes Jerry Devine spurn where he once loved. Johnny and his father disown Mary for having "disgraced" them; and the "Captain" goes out to get drunk, vowing vengeance upon his return. Johnny is taken away for execution as a spy, he being responsible, it is alleged, for the death of his neighbor's son and his own one-time chum.

"Patriotism is not enough," this play shouts, with Nurse Cavell as an audience, and the audience laughs at the

(*Continued on page 62*)

Full of Vivid Spirit Is the Above Bouffant Gown Worn by Genevieve Tobin Appearing in "Sweetheart Time." This Evening Gown Is Unmistakably French in Its Daring Mingling of Wonderfully Hand Embroidered Organdy, with Ruffles of Net and Adorned with Hand Made Flowers which Portray the Genius of the Foremost Fashion Creators—the Famous Boué Sœurs. A Display Is Given Daily from Eleven to One and Three to Five.

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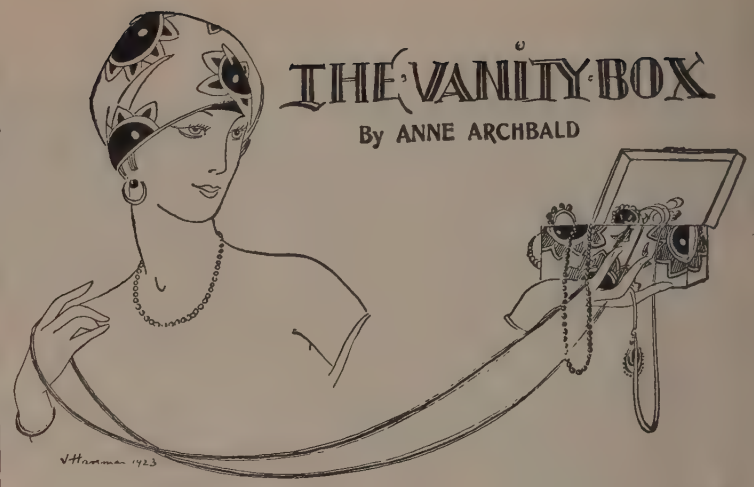


# THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE promised if we were permitted to transcribe the following chat that we would not reveal the name of the actress responsible for it. It's rather frank, as you will see as you read along. But we thought you would prefer the frankness without the name, rather than have the name with the frankness edited out of it.

The actress in question is a tall blonde, and perhaps her first name begins with a "B," and then again perhaps it doesn't, and maybe she's playing with The Theatre Guild and then again that might be "two other fellows." Anyway, she's a brilliant young person, of "foreign extraction," as they say, has lived in Paris and speaks French beautifully, and our conversation was all about the French perfumes—the tried and steady ones whose popularity goes marching on from year to year, and the new ones just being taken up by the vanguard of smart women. Perfumes are one of this lady's hobbies.

"What a furore among American women for the French perfumes!" she began by exclaiming. "You know when they first started introducing them over here on such a large scale several years back I said to myself, They'll never go. The average American woman will feel timid about stepping up to a perfume counter and trying to pronounce the French names, she does it so badly, and she won't get any help from the clerk behind the counter, as a rule. Of course they're difficult, if you don't know French, and the simpler the name is sometimes the trickier it is to pronounce. . . Take, for instance, Guerlain's new perfume, *'A travers champs,'* which looks comparatively innocent and yet takes quite an art to snap off the tongue comprehensively. But is that preventing its sale? No siree! It's being eaten alive. . .

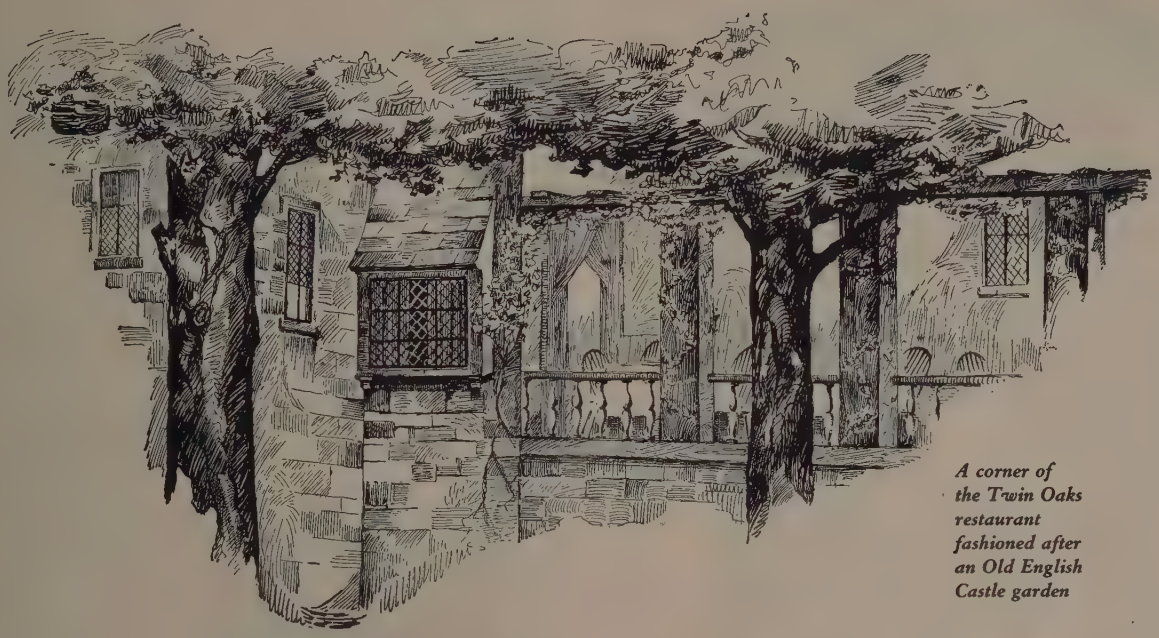
"It's the same way all along the line, so see how wrong I was. . . French perfumes 'go bigger' every season. I suppose it's partly because so many Americans go to Paris every year and buy on the native heath. They get the habit and then have to have them over here. Chanel's idea of naming her perfumes by numbers is one clever way out of the situation, isn't it? And there's luck in numbers! Chanel's *No. 5* and *No. 55* and *No. 22* are all immensely popular with smart women. *No. 55* is lucky for me. I always have something especially nice happen to me when I wear it. Chanel has wonderful odors also in *Gardenia* and *Rose* and *Ambre*. . .

"O, yes, of course I have more than one perfume . . everybody does nowadays. You'd be way behind the times if you didn't. . . I like Ciro's *Bouquet antique,* that's rather new, . . and Guerlain's *Mitsouko* (that's easy enough to say), and d'Orsay's *Toujours fidèle,* which comes in that enchanting little bottle with the tiny crystal dog for a stopper. . . I sometimes perfume my darling Pekinese with that. . .

"Don't you love that wonderful long perfume counter at . . (mentioning one of the large shops on the Avenue). I can go there and hang over it for hours, and of course I always depart so much the poorer. They have everything there, a lovely perfume of their own too, called *Tout seul.* And I seem always to prefer the sizes that are nearer the fifty-dollar mark than the five-dollar one.

"The toilet department of that shop, too, is the one place in town where you can get this heavenly *Orchidew,"* said my tall blonde lady, picking up from her dressing table, by way of illustration, a bottle filled with a lovely heliotrope liquid. "That's another habit I acquired in Paris. Besides what I have here, I carry a small bottle of it around with me in my bag, in case I stay out somewhere for dinner. There's nothing like it for cleansing the face, especially in these days of soft-coal smudges. . . It's so cooling, so freshening, and one's make-up goes on afterwards so beautifully fine and smooth.

*For the name of the shop carrying "Orchidew" and having the distinguished perfume counter, also prices, write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*



*A corner of the Twin Oaks restaurant fashioned after an Old English Castle garden*

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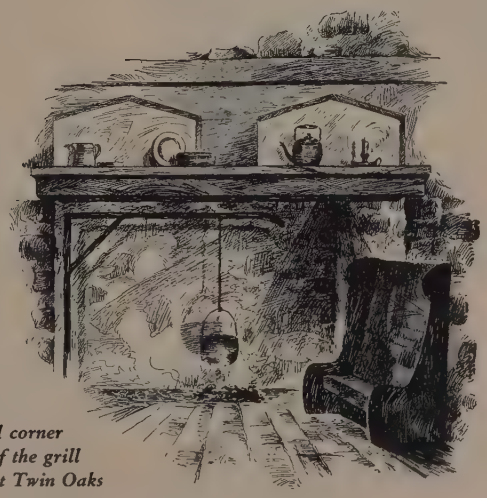

*A corner of the grill at Twin Oaks*

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## IRELAND GIVES A NEW PLAYWRIGHT TO THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 58)

drunken antics of Boyle and Daly. Sacrifices are made in the name of and for the motherland, but the mother is sacrificed, derided, spurned or ignored. Ireland is loved as an abstraction, a dream; Juno is compelled to live in a slum, to see her children sacrificed, but she is ignored because she is merely a reality of flesh and blood. Even her own son will fight for the dream motherland instead of working to help his mother. Not in Ireland only does this happen. For years all the world knew it when the war drums sounded and the battle flags were unfurled. And how soon will the world know it again?

In comparison with *Juno and the "Paycock"* the poverty of *The Shadow of a Gunman* manifests itself very quickly. Here a woman is again sacrificed to the cowardice of men, but the play is little more than a chronicle of contemporary events, with a satirical commentary. Again the scene is a Dublin tenement house in which live Shields, a peddler, and Davoren, a poetic dreamer. Shields is a loquacious patriot, a hero in speech and a coward in action. Davoren is above and outside the battle. He is, however, believed by his neighbors to be a "gunman on the run," and he is treated accordingly. Maguire, nominally a peddler, leaves a bag in the room. Minnie Powell, who occupies a room in the house, falls in love with Davoren, "the shadow of a gunman." A raid is made upon the house by the Black-and-Tans. The pseudo-peddler, Maguire, has been killed in an ambush. His bag is found to contain bombs. Minnie takes the bag to her room, where it is discovered by the raiding party. She is arrested and is killed "trying to escape." The lesson is the same even if the play be poor, a mere preparatory sketch for *Juno*. The innocent are goaded to destruction by the men of words, the speechmakers and the poets, while those word-spinners live to be hailed as "the men who won the war."

Sean O'Casey has produced a great play in *Juno and the "Paycock,"* a poor melodrama in *The Shadow of a Gunman* and two negligible one-act plays which should never have been staged. He has been hailed as the greatest Irish dramatist since Synge. That is extravagant praise not warranted by the facts. Nevertheless *Juno* is a great play, in the first rank of its kind, and if O'Casey's genius be great enough and strong enough to equal it, or to surpass it, in the future the praise may be justified.

## THEATRE MAGAZINE'S COLLEGE CONTEST

(*Continued from page* 30)

### ACTORS AND PLAYS I HAVE ENJOYED MOST

By FREDERICK RUSSELL,
*Class '30, University of Virginia*

WHEN I saw Edith Day in *Wildflower,* I should have sworn that she was the most wonderful woman on the stage, and when I saw Jane Cowl play "Juliet," my fancy turned from musical comedy to Shakespeare, and to the actress who made me understand his every line for the first time. But the one actress whom I enjoy most and who fascinates me every time I see her is Ina Claire. She is a most radiant figure on the stage, and she has a truly sparkling personality, to again apply the oft-quoted expression. I admire the ease and grace with which she moves about and the very innocent way in which she can say *risqué* lines that would seem vulgar from many another actress. She is a genuine comédienne, and whether she is doing *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* or *Mrs. Cheyney,* she always puts her play over in a pleasing manner.

Of the actors, I always enjoy Glenn Hunter. He portrays youth with understanding and sympathy. He has a very pleasing voice, which he uses to advantage in bringing down the house with laughter with his *Merton,* or in evoking tears from the most sophisticated with his *Woodley.* He puts energy and earnestness into his rôles and makes his characters living and breathing human beings. He is attractive-looking and acts with a delicacy that could be, but never is, effeminate. I like Glenn Hunter because he gives the impression of being the kind of a boy I'd like to know, the kind that one would pick for a friend anywhere.

It is difficult to select, from the great number of good plays during the past year, one that I enjoyed most, but as I look back, I can think of none that I enjoyed more than *Young Woodley,* now playing at the Belmont Theatre in New York. It is a character study of a rather sentimental youth, a boy who is very sensitive, different from his companions in an English prep. school. It presents problems not unknown in our own universities and preparatory schools, and the author, John Van Druten, is thoroughly familiar with his subject. *Young Woodley* is sort of a "plastic age" set in an English school; it is a charmingly human and candid presentation of problems that a young man often faces.

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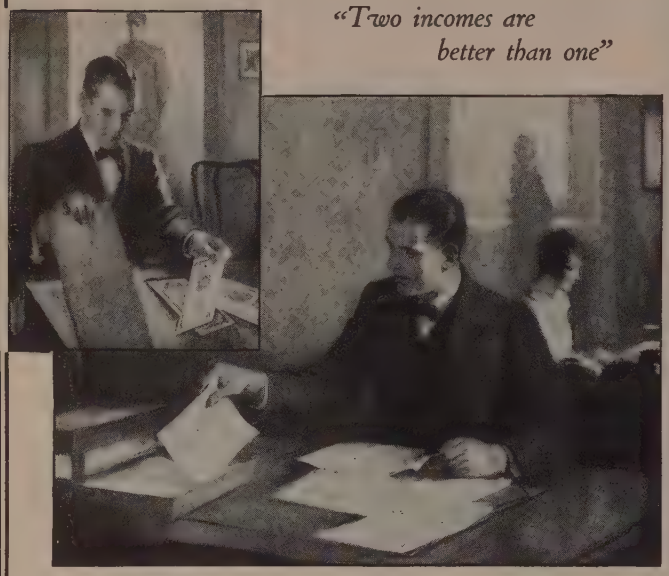

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## MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 18)

Mr. Capek has chosen for his theme the subject of fabulous longevity. He makes his heroine three hundred and fifty years old. Her morals have decayed, her love of life has died, her soul has become atrophied, but she retains her physical charm. The ultimate outcome of the play is that she grows tired of life and longs for death. The best writing of the play is towards the end, where the pros and cons of long life are discussed with the final verdict as above rendered. The excuse for a dramatic story is found by the author in a lawsuit that involves the search for certain documents, among them a Greek epistle that contains the Makropolous Secret, a formula for the prolongation of life. This document establishes the further fact that the old-young heroine is the many times great-grandmother of one of the contestants and was the daughter of the original Greek alchemist Makropolous. At times the effect of all this borders on burlesque. Once having granted the author's premise that one can remain beautiful for three hundred and fifty years, the interest centers on what use the heroine has made of her long life. She is a famous opera-singer, and it is not pleasant to think that her principal achievements were along the line of moral obliquities.

Helen Menken was cast for the endoctrinated heroine. She had fine moments of vibration, but her indistinct utterance, her fatal lisp among other things, robbed the part of much of its verbal value. The clearest spoken lines in the play were those touchingly delivered by the ingénue, Jonna Roos.

Mr. Hopkins has collected a company of fine actors, including those tried veterans, Harry Davenport, Fritz Williams and William B. Mack, who did full justice to their parts. Mr. Ullrich Haupt, among the modern set, was pleasant to look at and agreeable to listen to.

---

WITH its slangy and arresting title, *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em,* by George Abbott and John V. A. Weaver, seen at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, shows every sign that it intends to stay awhile. It is an extremely interesting comedy, idiomatically correct, very well cast and well played. The *intelligentsia* may find the daily doings of "every clerk" a bit boring; the drab atmosphere of the boarding-house scenes somewhat depressing. But the realists and all other theatregoers who can be classified somewhere between both these groups will find the "types" diverting, the material altogether true—almost too true—to life.

Caught in the whirlpool of love are two sisters—clerks in a big department store—both lavishing their affection on a fellow clerk "in neckties." The older sister is the one with character, self-sacrificing, strong, too proud to reveal her heart-break when the man she loves jilts her for her young, selfish and weak bounder of a sister. For the most part, the characters, typical department-store folk, are taken up with rehearsals of a pageant, in which the welfare league of the store is interested.

Florence Johns and Katherine Wilson, cast as the sisters, are admirable in their respective rôles. Their quarrel scene, in which the older sister is unable to fight down her flaring anger at the meanness of her sister's wiles to capture the attention of the male, is splendidly written and acted. Donald Meek, usually cast as a mild, downtrodden family man, appears here in a new guise, a petty gambler and crook, who stoops to fleece shop-girls out of their savings.

---

AMID the conglomerate mess that pervades the metropolitan stage to-day it was a great pleasure to find, once again, a mingling of romance and sane dramatic fiction such as was placed on view at the Ambassador and which brought back the charm that the theatre held at an earlier day. The play was *The Great Gatsby,* and though it was billed as a dramatization of a novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald, the work of the playwright, Owen Davis, was so skilfully done that a previous acquaintance with the novel was by no means necessary for the enjoyment of the audience. Although the skeleton of the story reveals hardly more than a commonplace theme, namely, the rise and fall of a super-bootlegger, whose unswerving devotion to a girl spurs him on and on to nefarious doings to accumulate a fortune that shall eventually win her, the idea is so ornamented with fine dramatic incidents, the suspense is always so keen and the interest in the central character, known as the great Gatsby, is so unmistakable, that a drama in its truest sense is the result.

The play opens with a prologue in 1917, with young Gatsby, about to go to the war. He pledges himself to a charming Southern girl, Daisy Fay, whose family, far above Gatsby's, according to Southern valuation, violently oppose the choice. After a moving and passionate scene between the lovers, Gatsby goes, and as the girl's mother brings on the other suitor for her daughter, Mr. Tom Buchanan, the curtain falls.

James Rennie plays the romantic but plebeian hero as few actors could play him. He combines the inherently poetic with the worldly masterful, with a rare degree of artistic discrimination, and his diction, with its occasional untutored roughness, seems strikingly genuine and magnetic. Florence Eldridge plays the less sympathetic part of Daisy with much intelligence and feeling. Elliot Cabot is the philandering husband, Buchanan.

(*Continued on page* 66)

When it's a matter of good taste

Louis Sherry

New York Paris

*Now She Wears Size 18 Again*

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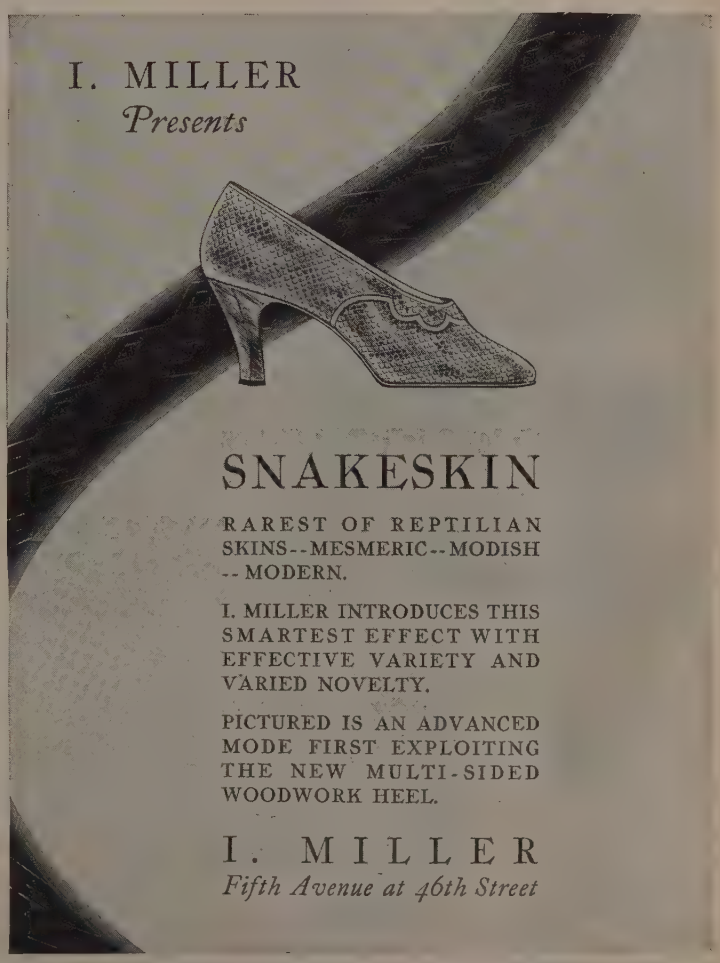

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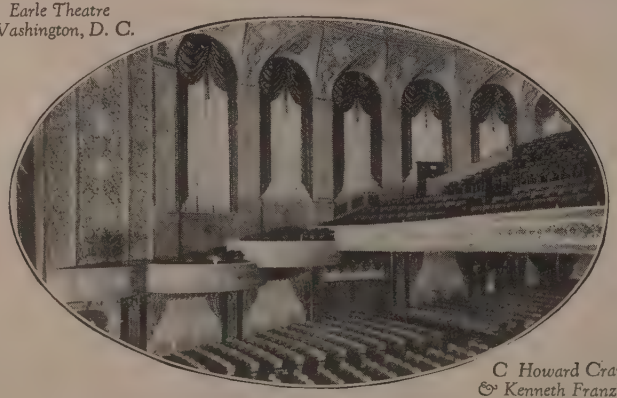

*C Howard Crane & Kenneth Franzhein Architects*


He holds firmly to the author's idea and is very capable. Charles Dickson realizes the old Hebrew gambler who was the hero's pal until Gatsby fell by the wayside. But a special word of praise is due Catherine Willard, who knows how to tell a story, necessary to the plot, with such clear articulation that not a word is lost. The scenery is fine, and unlike the fragments of the Jones School, a full revelation of the required surroundings—a pleasure to the eye.

---

HENRY MILLER gives an admirable performance of the middle-aged husband in a play adapted from the French by A. E. Thomas, under the title of *Embers*. The part offered him better opportunities for sincere acting than he has had in a long while. This fact is the primary justification for his producing a play which in itself is of no great value. The story it relates of a deceitful wife whose transgression bears fruit in an unwanted child, and a more or less retaliatory transgression on the part of a hitherto virtuous husband who becomes the father of another child in quite another walk of life, does not sound altogether appetizing. But the fact that the second infant is in every sense of the word a "love" child (for the devotion of each of the parents to the other, though unsanctified, seems almost pure alongside of the real wife's dereliction) lends a certain tender interest to the play and provides the one incident which is gripping.

In addition to Mr. Miller's capable performance Laura Hope Crews, who seems able to play any kind of a part skilfully, did all that was possible with the unsympathetic wife. But the wistful charm of the other little mother as impersonated by Florence Shirley provided after all the most gratifying moments in the play.

---

IT has been no secret that for some time past William T. Tilden, Jr., the lawn tennis champion, has harbored theatrical aspirations. As co-star with the small boy actor, Billy Quinn, he recently made his professional début at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre as the bashful young clerk in a boy's protectory, a minor rôle in a tenuous comedy by Bernard S. Schubert, called *Don Q, Jr.* It was a kindly sincere rendering that he gave of the rôle, a something in the vein of Clarence, which he had previously acted as an amateur. The play ran for two weeks and then was withdrawn. Master Quinn was manifestly in the limelight the greater part of each performance. He is a talented youth, but it did seem as though there was a little too much of him.

---

*PUPPY LOVE*, the comedy which Anne Nichols recently brought to town, in the hope undoubtedly that it would in some minor degree share the Methuselah qualities of *Abie's Irish Rose*, is little more than a good compilation of vaudeville gags and comic-strip episodes.

Puppy love is experienced by two youngsters who are unbelievably saccharine. Outside of the opportunity it gives Vivian Martin to be a dainty and lisping ingénue, the central theme might just as well have been disarmament, for all the bearing it actually had upon this loosely constructed plot. Maude Eburne was given every chance to get in her well-known points as the funniest of all low-comedy maids, and she never once missed. Everyone played with a certain nonchalance and ease, for they were on familiar and often traversed farcical territory. There was not a new character or situation in the play and yet it was, by some strange paradox, wholly spontaneous and entertaining, for which the authors, Adelaide Matthews and Martha Stanley, should be credited. The person who can tell an old joke and evoke a new laugh deserves commendation. After all, there must be relaxation from too much Ibsen and Eugene O'Neill.

---

A HANDSOME new playhouse, named the Mansfield Theatre, after America's famous actor, was added recently to Broadway's already long list. Built by the Chanin brothers, the theatre is modern Spanish in construction and decoration, the color scheme being cerulean blue and Venetian red, with gold-leaf motifs. The house was opened February 15 with *The Night Duel*, a drama by Daniel Rubin and Edgar MacGregor, the first production of The Playgoers, a new group in the theatrical field, whose object is to produce plays in which the subscribers will also be owners, sharing in the profits of the ventures. The opening play, in which Marjorie Rambeau acts the leading part, is an old-style but fairly interesting melodrama with a bedroom scene salacious enough to insure a run. A wife finds that the only way she can save her husband from going to jail is to accept a detective Lothario's invitation to visit the room. She goes, but with a revolver concealed about her person. While the amorous sleuth is getting into his silk pajamas, gleefully anticipating forbidden pleasures, she gets the drop on him. Resistance is futile, and so they sit all night until dawn, when the wife, outwitted, finds the rôles reversed. The interest grows as the play progresses, and at the close there is added punch by a new twist being given to an old situation.

Miss Rambeau is effective as the wife. She plays well and with feeling. John Marston was excellent as the husband. Frank Burbeck, an old favorite, was forceful as the banker. Felix Krembs, who specializes in villain parts, is a good actor. Perhaps it was less his fault than the property-man's that the silk pajamas rendered the rôle more humorous than romantic.

(*Concluded on page 72*)

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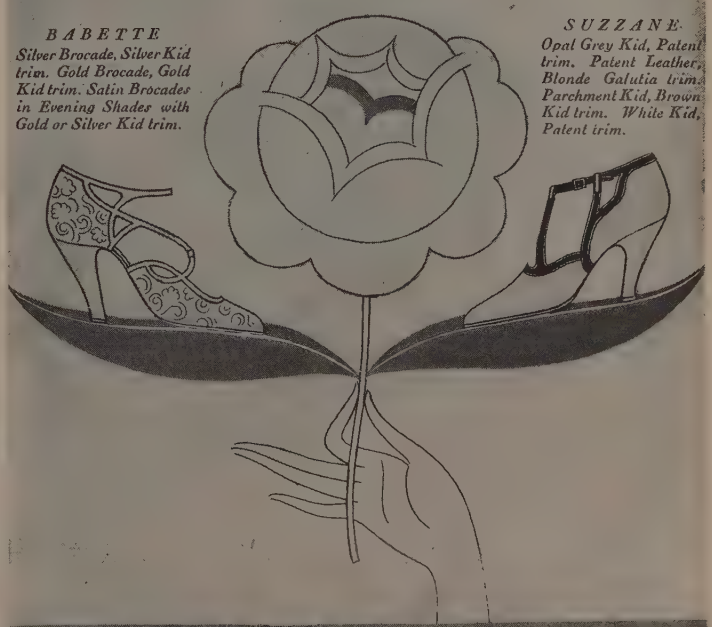

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## CULTURE HUMS IN JOPLIN

(*Continued from page* 10)

Hamilton returned to New York after his educational pilgrimage all of the places he had known would be padlocked and their proprietors would be open for business in the next block.

"And so," concluded Mr. Hamilton, "when Thomas A. Wise found that *The Rivals* was going to be played in Joplin, Missouri, he rushed from his retirement to the stage door and demanded a part in the play."

Thomas, we thank you! We will not soon forget your acting in the part of Sir Anthony Absolute. In you he walked before us and he spoke to us in the perfect tone quality of your voice. We are glad, Thomas, to hear from Mr. Hamilton that you have saved enough to allow you to retire from the stage. If, in these uncertain times, you some day wake to find your riches vanished, ride that chair car back to Joplin, Thomas, where a grateful people will acclaim the man who came from his retirement to give them the greatest Sir Anthony they have ever known.

We have been faced by other Sir Anthonys. Within the last fifteen years our high school has three times rendered *The Rivals*. It was good to have those memories replaced. We will admit Donn Cook occasionally let the ghost of Pete Jones stalk behind him as he played Jack Absolute on the stage where thirteen years ago Pete's gallant boots shone before our eyes. James T. Powers successfully banished all the other Bob Acres memories. We know we can never look at the kindergarten teacher again and recall Lydia after watching Lotus Robb. Of course "the play's the thing," but we do humbly thank Mr. George Tyler for rescuing us from an accumulation of awkward ghosts of *The Rivals*.

What of "the efforts of a thirsty young man"? The action is simple, direct, clean as we feel the thrust of Jack Absolute's sword would have been had it not been for the interference of that redoubtable Mrs. Malaprop, Minnie Maddern Fiske. Love and honor were serious matters a hundred and fifty years ago. It is well that Sheridan's keen wit mellows the steady rise of action. When Brandon Tynan drew his sword to fight for the honor of the Irish, it was only our laughing at Bob Acres and David which prevented us from getting into the duel ourselves. Incidentally, we hope that when the acting of one Barlow Borland as David has made him rise to parts of which he is worthy, he will not forget us and will come again.

The Sesquicentenary has come and gone. Mr. Hamilton has survived his crusade. The curtains "1925" and "1775" have been drawn for the last time in Joplin.

We pause for a moment in the darkened theatre. There comes to us the realization that, as we see the final curtains of the cast-off and tarnished plays which Broadway flings out to us, and we return again to the world of reality, there will come to us from out that darkened stage an undimmed light. In it we will live again through that triumphant exit of Minnie Maddern Fiske, and to us will come the significance of those words, "You go first and we will precede you."

## SOREL—THE BEAUTIFUL

(*Continued from page* 24)

Sorel will appear for four weeks in New York and then will be seen in Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago. An extra engagement of one week was recently promised to Palm Beach in response to a petition signed by many members of that colony. The tour will cover a period of three months, but California must regrettably be omitted this year.

"It is in historical work that the cinema gives full measure," declares Cécile Sorel, who is to star in the screen version of *La Maîtresse du Roi*, one of her leading dramatic rôles. "It will be played in the actual environment of the life of that epoch where the history of the period can be exactly re-lived. The film will be made at magnificent Versailles and at Louveciennes, where Madame du Barry lived (which is now the property of M. Loucheur), and it will have the furniture, costumes and ancient music of that epoch. One will see the actual chamber in which Du Barry received at her feet the head of her lover and the window from which she saw passing the head of Marie Antoinette. Even the guillotine is erected at the very place where the drama occurred. It is thus that we must resurrect history."

Clément Vautel, author of *Mon Curé chez les Riches*, the tremendously successful play still running, has written for Sorel *Une Femme Qui a Réussi*, and Michel-Georges Michel, author of the recent book on Montparnasse, has written for her a film called *La Nuit à Venice*, which is soon to be made in Venice. Audiences will miss her rich, resonant tones—the timbre of that voice whose memory haunts.

"An artist is not a woman . . . she is one hundred women . . . even one thousand," declared the actress in response to felicitations in her green-room. "There is an art of living, and each one gets what he deserves," is her creed. "Life is a magnificent thing if we have learned this art." One is imbued with the conviction that Cécile Sorel has not only learned the art of living but that she has made her art live.

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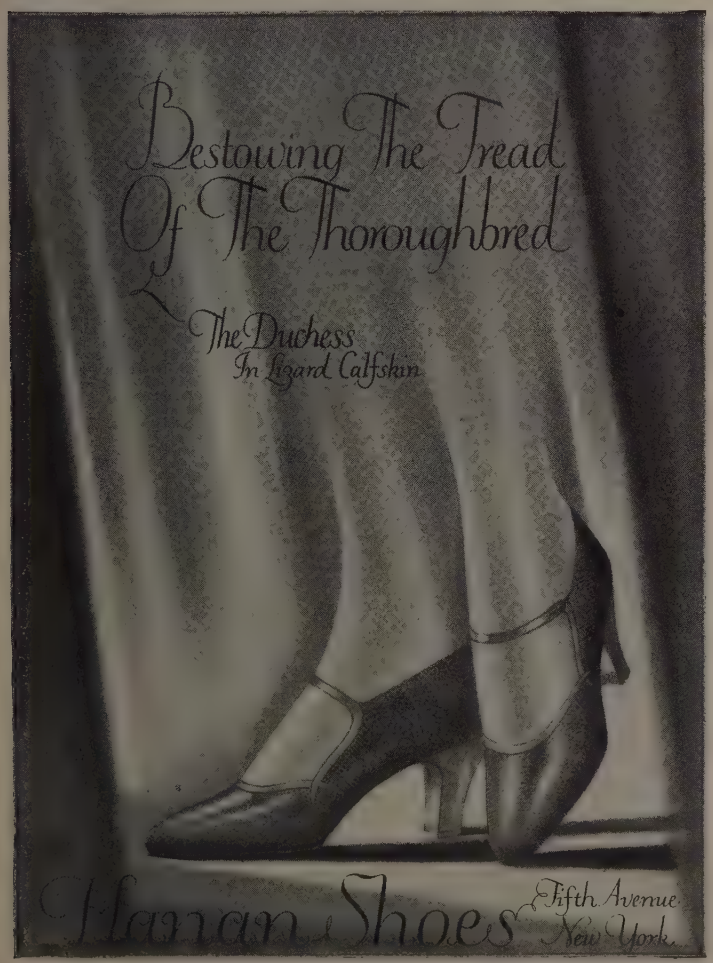


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# RADIO

*(Continued from page 37)*

*Cry.* Colonel Davis, late of the British Army, an actor and a playwright and entirely too good-looking to be a Radio performer, and Mr. La Prade, whose artistic temperament was apparent, were in a state of impatience waiting for the leading man. The three other actors were sitting about, somewhat bored, and the string quartet was tentatively tuning. Enter the hero. Immediately scripts were distributed. The orchestra assumed the stone-wall expression required by their art, and Colonel Davis, one hand in his pocket, sauntered nonchalantly over to Mike and in the most delightful of English voices described the studio in Italy where the scene is laid. Soft music played during this introduction and continued while "Dick" and "Claire" and the Italian housekeeper huddled around the microphone and by means of some extraordinarily well-chosen lines delineated their personalities. It was interesting to notice how they worked into their parts. Gestures, though useless, became instinctive, and their faces reflected the sunshine and shadow of which a movie plot is built.

Naturally the looks of the actor do not enter into consideration in engaging a Radio cast, but in this instance at least the young people would have fitted into the character without straining a matinée girl's illusions. The artist, "Dick," was typical; "Claire" was fair and slim; the Italian housekeeper was Italian. Only the "Count" would have had to resort to make-up, for in spite of the excessive villainy and sophistication of his accent, his face was round and smooth and he looked more like "Young Woodley" than a "foreign devil."

It was delightful the way the producers managed to suggest the effulgence of the silversheet drama. Love was so ardent and hate so black, the shaded lights, the shrouded telephones, the bejeweled ladies and the "plus-foured" men got over in every instance. Very properly a movie on the air is mostly atmosphere, and if you can carry it with you to the actual presentation in the motion-picture theatre your pleasure should be greatly enhanced.

Perhaps the most unusual feature of the rehearsal was the amazing behavior of the orchestra. For a few minutes they maintained the frozen indifference of their position, but presently they began to unbend. They were so eager to hear the lines that they almost forgot to play. They fairly crooned at the spoken love scenes and they laughed the inhibited laugh of a musician in a pit at the Davis-La Prade witticisms. If we had been broadcasting we would have considered their attitude in the light of a great tribute. They would have compensated for Mike's indifference. Because of them, we would have gained courage to continue our wooing of the Sphinx of the New World.

# MUSIC

*(Continued from page 34)*

at last have obtained an adequate interpreter. As for his acting, it possessed force, but was crude and awkward. Here, as in the case of Miss Talley, there is admirable material, material which must be whipped into shape.

The third début of the month was that of Miss Mary Lewis as Mimi in *La Bohême*. Two years ago Miss Lewis was in The Follies. That means that she has one requisite for a Mimi beauty. She also proved to possess charm, a sense of the theatre and a voice of pretty quality. At present these seem her only calls to stellar position at the Metropolitan, and, to be frank, they are not enough. Miss Lewis may some day arrive. She has not arrived yet. To-day she would do well in secondary parts and will prove always a delight to the eye. But before she essays the great rôles in an opera house like the Metropolitan she ought to sing them many times in more modest surroundings. The road to stardom is not an easy one. Those who arrive quickly usually arrive out of breath, and shortness of breath means a short career. Miss Lewis has certain requisites for the opera; she at present lacks many others. Will these too come? It is up to Miss Lewis herself, and the price will be hard work and artistic humility.

## The Qualifications of an Actor

JEFFERSON was once asked: "What are the qualifications that one should possess to become a successful actor or actress?"

"That is a difficult question to answer," he replied. "What would be the reply of a scientist if you were to ask him what qualifications were necessary to become a successful astronomer or great naturalist? I fancy I see the old gentleman now removing his spectacles, thoughtfully rubbing his nose and looking at the questioner as if he were a long way off. He says, 'Well, really, I—I—— Dear me, will you just say that over again?' The query is repeated. 'Well,' he says, 'perhaps inborn ability may be of some service; and then, I should think that a great love, even a passion, for such a calling might be valuable; but even these advantages, and a great many more that I can't think of, will be of very little use unless they are joined to earnestness and industry.'"

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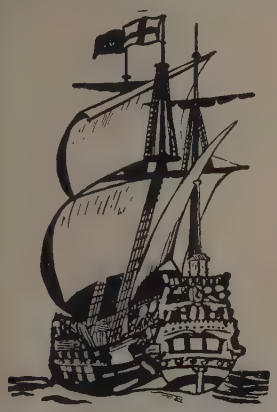

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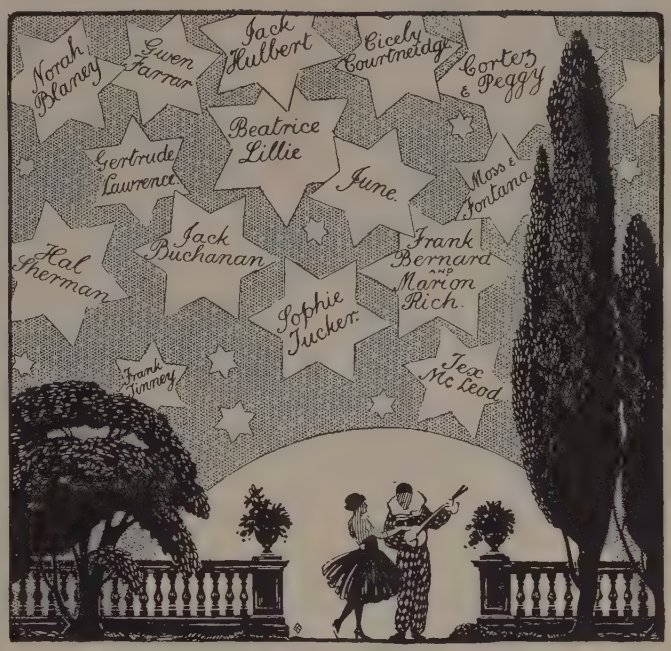


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# MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Concluded from page 66*)

A "NEAR" melodrama, of cockney vintage and called *Port o' London,* emerged at Daly's Sixty-third Street Theatre with a cast so excellent that the shortcomings of the play were almost forgotten—almost but not quite. For if there is one thing that detracts from the value of a play that promises to be dramatic it is rambling conversation. The play is accredited to a Mr. George W. Oliver, who tells us after many devious digressions that a deformed pavement-artist marries a mentally stunted but physically ripe young girl who is being unnaturally abused by a brutal "natural" father, a raucous sea captain. This stunted maiden regains her normal mental faculties by being thrown about the stage and sustaining a hurt—a reproduction of the accident that arrested her mentality—which by a strange medical formula (a theatrical expedient) restores her to normality. Then the first thing she does to prove how normal she has become is to run away from her poor, deformed artist spouse. He follows her and finally overtakes her in a Chinese dive in Shadwell. There his soulful worship of the girl is defeated by her encounter with a sailor, whom she had met in earlier days, who rekindles in her that spark of muliebrity so fatal to any future soul worship.

The play ends with her departure in the arms of the lusty mariner, while the stricken artist husband is left alone to pine and moan about the fogs of life. A very unsatisfying conclusion. Basil Rathbone played this part with feeling and intelligence, but neither his efforts nor those of Alison Skipworth, who gave an unctuous rendering of a cockney harridan, could infuse quite sufficient interest into the proceedings to make them exciting. The stunted girl was played with a supposedly Javanese dialect by a capable newcomer, Jean Lowell, and the whole cast was good. The producer was W. Herbert Adams.

---

IT is a relief in this era of oversophistication, when every other play exploits some new and usually unfathomable noxious "ism" (Budapest papers please copy), to find such a frank, stirring exhibit as under the title of *Twelve Miles Out.* It is a purely theatrical concoction, but so crackling with primitive force and spontaneous humor that no baffled auditor need mop his perspiring brow trying to delve beneath surface values.

It deals with the conflict between a bootlegger and a hijacker on board a pirate's craft. The skipper, who is the hijacker (which we take to be an ultra-modern coinage for a cross between a maritime butcher and burglar), has captured a bootlegger and his entire output, plus a husband and his young wife, at whose house the bootlegger has been storing his wares.

Once aboard the lugger, the two hemen battle for the virtuous wife in the good old style of blood-and-thunder fiction. Unreality, euphemistically called Romance, so blends with reeking Realism that William Anthony MacGuire, the author, defies calm judgment while exciting the emotions. But it is mighty good theatre. And though, let us hope, it is hardly the prevailing fashion in this day and generation for bewhiskered and stentorian pirates to carry blonde and alluring wives twelve miles out to sea and lock them in secluded cabins until they yield to the obsessing urge, without benefit of clergy—there is no gainsaying that the ultimate fate of the blonde captive awakens an astonishing amount of interest. More especially as a craving for possession also seizes the contending bootlegger, who has to fight it out with the pirate-skipper. Meanwhile the nonentity of a husband has to cool his own heels in separate confinement.

Frank Shannon was the real thing as the pirate with a great voice and Warren William acted as well both as the battling bootlegger and the finally successful wooer of the blonde captive that he almost reconciled us to this double blend. As for Mildred Florence, it is safe to predict a future for her. She has a charmingly modulated voice and genuine dramatic feeling.

---

TO the playgoer who is either ignorant of play construction or indifferent to it, who can find enjoyment in detached episodes more or less related to actual life, the play *Alias the Deacon,* at the Hudson Theatre, offers something like a treat in the unctuous central figure as impersonated by Berton Churchill. He plays the title-rôle, a card sharp, cloaked in sanctimonious guise. Rarely has a more insinuating and preposterously engaging performance been given. The play, as a play, seems to go to pieces in the second act, when it becomes painfully amateurish in the way the entrances and exits of the various characters are contrived. The character of the Deacon offers so many opportunities, and, what is more, these opportunities are so superbly grasped—that it deserves a better dramatic adjustment. In spite of its many weaknesses, the play has caught on with the public. The authors are John B. Hymer and Leroy Clemens, whose previous work, *Aloma of the South Seas,* enjoyed considerable favor last season.

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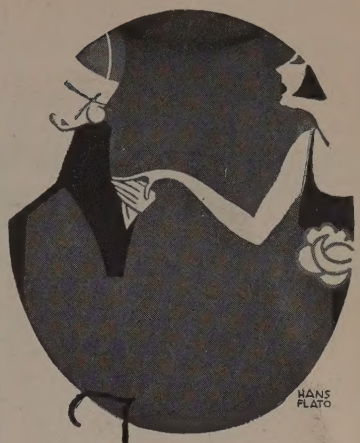


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(*Continued from page 40*)

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## PLAY GUIDE

(*Continued from page 1A*)

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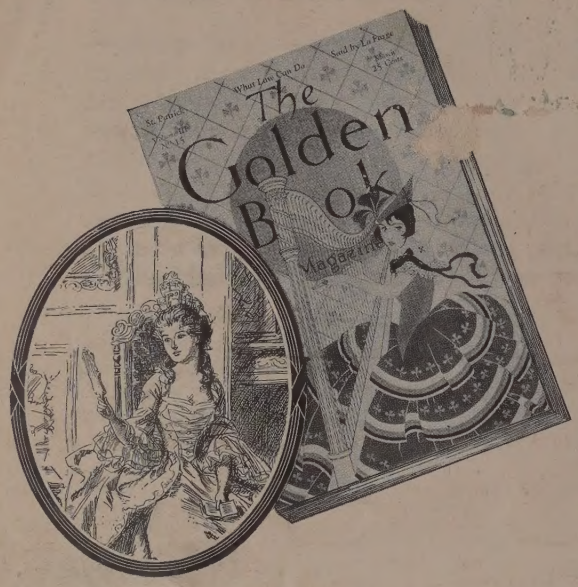


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**Among the contributors to the April Issue are:**

| | |
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